

THE STAKES IN NORTH AFRICA

BY THE EDITORS

NEW MASSES

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THE du PONT PLOT AGAINST F.D.R.

**WHAT HAPPENED ON SEPTEMBER 17 BEHIND
CLOSED DOORS AT A HOTEL IN NEW YORK**
By BRUCE MINTON

POLYAKOV'S LAST DISPATCHES

**FIRST OF A SERIES BY THE GREAT SOVIET
REPORTER RECENTLY KILLED AT HIS POST**

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

The significance of the offensive in North Africa. What it means and what it can mean. The potentials of victory. The lessons for the Allies. An editorial.

THE American giant has struck. Across the trackless Atlantic, under the blue sky of northern Africa, America moves forward to grapple with the beast lunging at our country and at all mankind. What American does not feel overwhelming joy and pride that American boys, with the future in their hearts, American guns and planes and tanks today advance at a dozen points in Morocco and Algeria, proclaiming the coming land, sea, and air offensive to smash the core of the Axis? This is what we have all been waiting for. This is what the people have been urging—the seizure of the initiative, the launching of large scale military action. This is what the defeatists and faint-hearts told us couldn't be done this year. And it is only the beginning, the mighty shadow of mightier events to come. "Horosho" ("swell"), shouts our brother giant of Russia. And all of groaning Europe, the peoples of the Middle East and Asia stir and thrill to the tread of American boys marching to their rendezvous with a glorious destiny.

THE offensive in French North Africa comes at a most significant juncture of events. Both on the vast Russian front and in the Pacific, the Axis forces have been held, though they still retain the strategic initiative. Except for Egypt, where British and Allied forces were hammering Hitler's Afrika Korps—an operation which by itself was of necessarily limited scope—a certain temporary equilibrium had developed in the global war. Undoubtedly Hitler, helped by his agents and dupes in the Allied countries, hoped to utilize the differences among the Allies regarding the second front and the strategy of the war in order to delay offensive action against him until he had sufficiently recuperated to strike a powerful new blow of his own. That he had failed to estrange the Soviet Union from the United States and Britain became indisputably certain with Stalin's historic speech on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Soviet republic proclaiming the indivisibility of the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition and its steadily growing strength. That this political failure must have inevitable military consequences was made equally clear the very day after Stalin spoke, when American forces struck at Vichy-controlled French North Africa. This operation marks the beginning of that coalition warfare which President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill have pledged and which the Soviet Union has urged as essential for victory. It marks the beginning of the seizure of the strategic initiative by the United Nations in the war against the Axis.

There are four strategic possibilities in the American operation:

(1) That it is merely a defensive action to safeguard Suez and the Middle East, as well as Dakar and Latin

America, while preparations go forward for an invasion of western Europe.

(2) That it is a purely diversionary action to screen the main blow to be struck elsewhere (though in view of the size of the American expeditionary force this seems hardly likely).

(3) That it is an offensive action designed to establish control over the northern Africa littoral as a base for securing United Nations domination of the Mediterranean and eventually launching an invasion of the European continent via Italy, southern France, Spain, or the Balkans.

(4) That it will be used to attack from the South while simultaneously plans are made to attack from the West.

Everything points to the conclusion that the American operation is part of a larger offensive plan and that North Africa will indeed become the fulcrum of an invasion of the continent which will compel Hitler to fight on two fronts. This does not necessarily mean that the British Isles lose their significance as a base for an invasion from the West but, on the contrary, that the invasion possibilities are multiplied. Moreover, even before the actual invasion starts, Hitler will probably be compelled to take defensive measures that may somewhat ease the pressure on the Soviet front and strain still further his depleted reserves. He may send more men into Italy, or take over unoccupied France, or move into Spain, or do all of these. The disorientation of the plans of the German high command, already badly awry as a result of their failure to take Stalingrad and outflank Moscow, would be greatly increased.

AT THIS writing the American forces, supported by British naval and air units, have taken Algiers and Oran, are moving on Casablanca, and driving toward Tunisia. They are meeting with very little resistance from the troops of Vichy whose military impotence and lack of full support from its own soldiers have been laid bare. One of the immediate consequences of the American offensive is that if Rommel's fleeing forces manage to escape complete destruction or capture by General Montgomery's relentless warriors, pressing them from the east, they will run head-on into the American troops moving from the west. The cleaning out of all Axis forces from Libya is an indispensable preliminary to United Nations control of the whole northern region.

A second immediate consequence of the American operations is an immense shortening of the supply lines to Africa, the Middle East, Iran (from where supplies are being transported to Russia), India, and China. Ships from Britain and the United States have had to travel round the whole of the continent of

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Africa 13,000 miles and 14,200 miles respectively to Suez. Control of northern Africa by the United Nations will shorten the trip from England to the North African coast to 2,000 or 2,500 miles.

Within the enemy camp the offensive in North Africa is likely to produce a deterioration of the relations between German and Italy and a sharpening of the conflicts within the ruling mobs in both countries. Already a fascist radio commentator has given testimony of the consternation spreading among Mussolini's henchmen by moaning that "the horizon is black for Italy—we must expect attacks from any quarter." Undoubtedly the establishment of United Nations mastery of the Mediterranean, still to be achieved, and the conversion of Malta from a defensive into an offensive base will deepen this blackness while they brighten the horizon of the Italian people and all the peoples of conquered Europe.

As for the Nazis, Hitler never sounded more hollow than in his blustering speech at Munich on the anniversary of the beer-hall putsch. His threat of counterblows against the American landings in North Africa cannot hide the fact that for once he has been beaten to the punch and that today he is further from victory than ever.

II

AND let it not be forgotten that it was the frustration of the Nazis' master strategic plan by the Red Army that has made possible the launching of the offensive in North Africa. In his speech on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Soviet Union Stalin revealed that this plan had as its principal objective not the seizure of Soviet oil, as was generally believed in other countries, but the outflanking of Moscow so as to deal a crushing blow to the USSR this year. Thanks to Stalingrad, thanks to the superb Soviet leadership which saw through the German plans, Hitler's main forces have been pinned down and he has not been able substantially to reinforce Rommel in Egypt or to forestall the American landings in French North Africa.

Even more significant in Stalin's speech was his emphasis on the fighting alliance of Great Britain, Russia, and the United States and his enunciation of the war aims of the opposing sides in this war. As Dorothy Thompson pointed out, "in the form of simple slogans Stalin affirms the basic principles of the Atlantic Charter."

And the Soviet Premier struck hard at all speculations concerning differences among the Allies. The events of the past year, he said, point to "a progressive rapprochement between members of the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition and their uniting into a single fighting alliance." He expressed his confidence that this coalition "has every chance of vanquishing the Italo-German coalition and certainly will vanquish it." As for the second front in Europe, the absence of which enabled the Nazis to gain tactical successes on the Soviet front, what is happening in North Africa already marks the beginning of the fulfillment of Stalin's prediction that sooner or later there will be a second front, "not only because we need it, but above all, because our allies need it no less than we do." And the threefold task he outlined: to destroy the Hitlerite state—though not Germany—the Hitlerite army, and



Lieut. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of the Allied forces in the North African zone.

"the hated 'new order in Europe' and to punish its builders" is indeed the task of all the United Nations.

III

TO THE millions on the continent groaning under the Nazi bootjack the African offensive will serve as a battle-cry. They, and many millions more in Asia, in Africa, in Latin America, will gain heart.

The American guns that thundered off the African coast spoke in more than military terms: their roar brought immediate political reverberations. The offensive precipitated the final break with Hitler's set of puppets in Vichy. It becomes a rallying cry for the masses of French people whose sons and brothers across the Mediterranean are now afforded the opportunity to battle for the return of their liberty.

America will breathe easier now that we have finally finished with the unpleasant business of maintaining relations with the venal heads of the Vichy government. It makes full sense now, when General de Gaulle could broadcast to the French in Africa: "The great moment has come. . . . Help our allies! Join them without reserve! France which fights calls on you." Not the least significance of the North African offensive is the fact that it permits a section of the French people to swing back into the fight against Hitler, and gives those in France itself indisputable proof that their turn, too, would come soon.

The epic struggle of the Yugoslav and Greek guerrillas and of the stalwart underground forces in all occupied Europe will be affected in two ways: the possibility of replenishing their supplies will be greatly augmented. And their heroism will be further steeled

by the certain knowledge that the second front is being prepared now, and on a grand scale.

Consider, too, how our Latin American neighbors will look at it: the occupation of the African coast eliminates the immediate danger of invasion by the Axis across the dangerously narrow strip of the South Atlantic. A hundred million Latin Americans will find new strength, new courage in their daily battle against Nazi and fifth column elements who have battered on the Anglo-American failure to move into the offensive. Our Latin American brothers are now armed with a fact; now the democratic masses of that continent can ridicule the arguments of fascist-inspired agents who have cast doubts upon the integrity of the United States and its intentions in the war.

The influence of the Falangists and Sinarquistas—the Franco hirelings—will weaken. Hitler, who has been doing business through them in Latin America, thus suffers another severe blow on our hemisphere. Although our occupation in North Africa has carefully avoided the Spanish colonies, and although President Roosevelt has assured Franco that this action is not directed toward Spain, fascist Madrid suffers a terrific blow in the unmasking of Vichy. *Hispanidad*, the term used to cloak the cultural conquest of Latin America by the Axis via Vichy and Franco, will have a hollow ring, now that one of the evil partners is cornered.

The reverberations from North Africa reach to the East as well. There has been an appreciable stiffening in Turkey's attitude. Though she remains outwardly neutral, the strong reassertion of her neutrality in the face of Hitler's threats that came immediately upon the opening of the African campaign, is further indication of the political effects of the United Nations' offensive. Further to the East, one may confidently expect that from India on, throughout the vast colonial areas now occupied by the Japanese, millions will find in the new developments the incentive to bring them into the role of active participants.

Our Chinese allies, too, watching the assumption of an offensive in the South Pacific, and now a greater one in the Mediterranean theater, will be further encouraged by the determination to speedy victory shown by her allies. "The turning point of the war has been reached," according to *Ta Kung Pao*, Chinese newspaper.

AFRICA, however, must not be regarded simply as the locale of the new offensive. It is vastly more. It is an enormous continent, rich in resources and populated by 150,000,000 people. So far, the Americans, the British, and General de Gaulle have appealed only to the French to join in the struggle against the Axis. What about the African millions? True, the American troops were given instructions to respect the native customs of the Moslem inhabitants, to behave courteously toward them, and to work for their good will. But this is not enough. No attempt as yet has been made to actively enlist the huge war potential of the African peoples. They have not been asked to join us in the war.

Yet it is clear that if Africa is to be used as a great bridgehead for the invasion of Europe, if the United Nations are to take full advantage of this phase of

the campaign to enlist others in colonial lands to our side, a positive approach should be found. Earl Browder suggests such an approach in his new book *Victory—and After*. In the chapter on Africa he proposes measures to be taken now, during the war, which suit exactly the situation born out of the new offensive. These proposals are: (1) lifting the most onerous restrictions upon civil rights; (2) opening of unused land for cultivation by Africans, the spread of small scale farming and the breaking down of the land monopoly; and (3) control over exploitation of natural resources to guarantee an increasing share of the benefits to Africa, the raising of the level of its economy and the living standards of its peoples. Such a program, if put into immediate effect, would "rouse the African people to the position of conscious allies of the United Nations."

IV

FOR the American people the African offensive imposes new obligations. We have fired "McClellan"—the spirit of passive defensiveness—but it is not yet certain that we have found our "Grant"—the spirit of ruthless, all-out war. For us the African offensive must be the signal for rallying more firmly behind our Commander-in-Chief, President Roosevelt, in order to help him sweep away everything that obstructs the speediest extension of the present operation into the actual invasion of the European continent. An immediate duty is to see that Congress at once passes the bill lowering the draft age to include the eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds without limitations on combat service.

Second, the people must insist that Congress scotch every attempt by such defeatists as Senator O'Daniel and Representative Rankin to disrupt production and morale by suspending or emasculating essential laws like the Wage-Hour and National Labor Relations Acts. Third, the problems of war production and manpower need to be approached in a unified way through the establishment of an over-all planning agency along the lines proposed by the House Tolan committee, the CIO, and the AFL. The new controlled materials plan of the War Production Board is a step toward planned control of production, but necessarily an inadequate step so long as it is not part of a comprehensive plan embracing all phases of a total war economy.

Fourth, now that we have turned toward the military offensive abroad, it is time to back it up with the political offensive at home. Our boys in Africa and Guadalcanal are being sabotaged day after day by fifth columnists and defeatists.

Finally, the launching of the African offensive makes all the more urgent that the war be waged in a true coalition spirit. If the widely separated military operations in Russia, Africa, China, and the Pacific are to move forward with maximum effectiveness, they must be coordinated as parts of an overall strategy developed with the equal participation of the Soviet Union and China as well as the United States and Britain. Such intimate collaboration is necessary not only to win the war as quickly as possible, but to build firmly the foundations of the future peace, the kind of peace that millions hope for, that Vice President Wallace envisaged in his great speech at the Congress of American-Soviet Friendship.

THE DU PONT CONSPIRACY

The sinister agreements adopted at a closed meeting in Hotel Pennsylvania September 17. What a handful of industrialists decided. Declaration of war—against President Roosevelt. Talk of negotiated peace. The strange proceedings of NAM's Resolutions Committee. What every American should know.

Washington.

ACAREFULLY guarded report has been circulating privately and with the utmost secrecy in Washington. The report is in typescript—not more than five copies in all are extant. The document is an accurate and detailed account of a meeting held on Sept. 17, 1942, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City. On that date the Resolutions Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers gathered to prepare for the NAM's December convention. The deliberations do not make pleasant reading.

At this closed meeting—no formal minutes were kept—the NAM Resolutions Committee declared open war against President Roosevelt. The delegates discussed ways and means to undermine his prestige as Commander-in-Chief and to withdraw public support from his wartime leadership.

At this closed meeting the NAM Resolutions Committee named the New Deal as its main enemy. The war against the Axis was viewed as of secondary importance.

At this closed meeting the NAM Resolutions Committee, composed of a minority of industrialists, eagerly anticipated ending the war with a negotiated peace. Failing this, the delegates stressed that a peace following a military victory over the Axis powers must guarantee their special privileges above all else.

At this closed meeting the delegates demanded a national policy to preserve their profits. This they thought more pressing and vital than victory over the Axis.

At this closed meeting the delegates cheered and applauded a speaker who declared: "If we are to come out of this war with a Marxist brand of National Socialism, then I say negotiate peace now and bring Adolph over here to run the show. He knows how. He's efficient. He can do a better job than any of us can and a damned sight better job than Roosevelt, who is nothing but a left wing bungling amateur."*

At this closed meeting the delegates threatened that unless the administration bowed to their demands, war production would suffer.

At this closed meeting some delegates threatened a new sit-down strike of capital if the administration crossed them.

At this closed meeting the chairman, F. C. Crawford, president of Thompson Products, Inc., Cleveland, O., expressed the sentiments of the delegates when he shouted: "Keep him [Roosevelt] on the run. We're coming out from behind the eight ball. Those babies in Washington heard from us in 1937. And if they keep it this way, they can hear from us again in 1943."

The National Association of Manufacturers has little organizational unity. True, its membership includes important figures in industry. But the NAM is controlled by a handful of industrialists who are not necessarily the largest or most decisive spokesmen of American enterprise. At the closed meeting in September only a small number of leading industrialists attended, and several delegates refused to endorse the program. It is worth noting that last year C. E. Wilson,

president of General Motors, dominated the Resolutions Committee. This year Mr. Wilson remained away from the conference. His company was represented by Edgar W. Smith, director of research in public affairs for General Motors. Mr. Smith took no part in the deliberations. Aside from him (and the fact that the du Pont family owns a major interest in General Motors Corp., sharing control with the House of Morgan), no delegate present at the conference spoke for the remaining large and significant holdings of J. P. Morgan & Co. Similarly, the Rockefeller interests were conspicuously absent; only Lawrence B. Morris, vice-president of RCA, and George W. Ray, Jr., of the Texas Co., attended, and they questioned the conference decisions. A split has developed in the NAM, a split divorcing the majority of industrialists—in size, importance, and numbers—from the defeatist clique that comprises the NAM's policy-making apparatus.

I WAS given the opportunity to read and study a copy of the report describing the Hotel Pennsylvania conference. I have been asked to point out that the NAM Resolutions Committee included no representative from General Electric and Westinghouse; or from General Foods or Standard Brands; or from US Steel or Chrysler Motors; or from the big ship-building firms or the major insurance companies and banks. The conference boasted no representatives of the overwhelming majority of American business, big, medium, and small, independent or controlled by large financial aggregations.

The Resolutions Committee is composed almost exclusively



Lamont du Pont: "Deal with the government and the rest of the squawk-ers the way you deal with a buyer in a seller's market!"

*The name of this delegate and the names of other speakers who remain anonymous in this article are given in the report of the NAM conference. These names, however, cannot be revealed at this writing.—B. M.



F. C. Crawford, chairman of the meeting: "Keep him [President Roosevelt] on the run!"

of diehards led by Lamot du Pont, chairman of the board of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. Lamot du Pont and his brothers, Irene and Pierre, were the principal subsidizers of the American Liberty League which, according to the Senate committee investigating lobbying activities, financed a number of semi-fascist, anti-Semitic, and anti-Negro groups prior to the 1936 election. Another leader at the conference, James H. Rand, Jr., president of Remington-Rand Manufacturing Co., was formerly chairman of the Committee of the Nation, a big business outfit supporting Charles E. Coughlin. Other members of the Resolutions Committee, most of whom—though not all—attended the Hotel Pennsylvania meeting, included George T. Fonda of Weirton Steel; E. R. Breech of Bendix Aviation; James H. Robins of American Pulley; P. W. Litchfield of Goodyear Tire & Rubber; Walter Geist of Allis-Chalmers; S. Bayard Colgate of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet; Robert L. Lund of Lambert Pharmacal; Norman W. Wilson of Hammermill Paper; Hanford Main of Loose-Wiles Biscuit; F. Gano Chance of A. B. Chance; S. DeWitt Clough of Abbott Laboratories; Thomas Drever of American Steel Foundries; J. Cheever Cowdin of Universal Pictures; Joseph M. Friedlander of Jewel Tea; J. A. MacMillen of Dayton Rubber; Malcolm Muir of *Newsweek*; Wilbert Wear of Harrisburg Steel; and others like them.

Although the delegates did not represent the most decisive sections of American finance and industry, their individual power should not be minimized. Only six of the delegates, out of approximately three score, represented companies doing a yearly volume of business of less than \$15,000,000. Lamot du Pont claimed that the conference acted for "more than half of America's industrialists, more than half of the nation's productive capacity." This was a gross exaggeration. But these men did reflect the attitudes of an important minority section of big business. While not a dominant group, the minority expects to sell its program to American businessmen, farmers, and middle classes. The conference acknowledged that it would be unrealistic to hope that workers would accept the NAM's "larger objectives of the year." But the NAM's platform is not merely anti-labor. It offers all classes and all sections of America the prospect of national degradation and defeat, it



William P. Witherow, NAM president, whose economic aide hoped that President Roosevelt and the trade unions were less popular.

offers the people the fascism against which this nation has taken up arms.

WITH the task of preparing resolutions to be adopted at the December NAM convention, the delegates convened at 9:30 AM on Thursday, September 17, in parlors one and two of the Hotel Pennsylvania. The first business was the presentation of two reports, on which discussion and proposals would be based. The paper presented by Dr. Claude Robinson of Opinion Research, and economic aide to NAM's president William P. Witherow, evaluated recent political developments and their effect on public opinion. The second, presented by Murray Shields, economist for the Irving Trust Co., NAM consultant, and bank adviser to the US Treasury Department, was put forward as an analysis of the present state of American economy.

Dr. Robinson cleared his throat and plunged into his dissertation. Findings, he said, were based on NAM research, supplemented by surveys conducted for the organization by public opinion polls. The NAM's large research staff had visited various states to sample opinions of all classes. The researchers did not tell those interviewed that the questioners acted for the NAM.

Dr. Robinson drew pleasant conclusions from the sampling of public attitudes and from figures supplied to him. President Roosevelt, he concluded, had suffered a loss in popularity—from eighty-eight percent in December 1941 to seventy percent in August 1942. According to Dr. Robinson, the public had grown increasingly cool to trade unions and particularly to trade union leaders. The Republican Party was making headway—"moderate headway," Dr. Robinson added, as the delegates stirred with satisfaction. He predicted a landslide for Thomas Dewey in the New York elections; yet he cautioned against viewing this success solely as a Republican victory, since in his opinion it would represent an equal victory for the Farley Democrats determined to defeat Roosevelt. A Dewey victory signified "a high degree of consciousness" on the part of the American people to war profiteering.

Dr. Robinson thereupon apologetically injected the one "sour



James H. Rand, Jr., who urged a popularization of his reactionary campaign replete with "human values."

note" of his report. To the question as to which group was most guilty of war profiteering, the public answered: Big business forty-nine percent; government officials forty percent; labor leaders eleven percent. To the question as to what was the most ardent concern of the American people today, the answers were predominantly "The winning of the war; next important, unemployment in the postwar period."

Dr. Robinson concluded from this that capitalism was emerging from the hole it had been shoved into by President Roosevelt in the period 1932-42. "America recognizes us," said Dr. Robinson, referring to industrialists in general and to his audience in particular, "as the main factor contributing to the wherewithal for winning the war. It disagrees with Roosevelt's conduct of the war. . . . This criticism of Roosevelt is not of a leftist character. It is definitely criticism of an America moving to the right."

The delegates were gratified. Dr. Robinson made them feel fine. They settled back again as Mr. Shields rose to discuss the country's economic status.

The second report drew a balance sheet of war expenditures and capital needed to finance them. Taxes, Mr. Shields declared, would "have to be increased and it looks as though these increases will be borne by us, not by the little fellow." He thought \$30,000,000,000 annually was the minimum that must be raised during the war. Of course, Mr. Shields assured the delegates, Great Britain and the USSR would never pay back lend-lease debts—even after the war, huge sums would be required to reconstruct and rehabilitate Europe, Axis and non-Axis nations alike. This implied no reduction in taxes on corporations, inheritances, and high incomes "if the prevailing policy in Washington continues."

Mr. Shields, after weighing the economic resources of the Axis and the anti-Axis nations, anticipated a "dynamic military stalemate." The stalemate could be broken in two ways—through a negotiated peace, or through superiority of war materiel, with manpower a secondary consideration. Because of President Roosevelt, the prospect of a negotiated peace—a "short war"—seemed remote.

In consequence, the speaker unhappily predicted that gov-

ernment control, centralized federal authority, and economic planning would increase. "Temporary emergency measures," he moaned, may well become "chronic, permanent emergency measures." People like those in the audience faced a bleak future of high taxes, contracts renegotiated to recapture excess profits, labor-management committees. As if this were not horrendous enough, Mr. Shields gloomily foresaw a postwar economy costing \$10,000,000,000 a year to "police the peace . . . because of the realistic fact that one of our allies is a dictatorship, none of us really knows what kind of world we want after the war, and we must look to serious friction in our own Allied camp before everything is settled."

Mr. Shields leaned forward dramatically. Who, he asked, will provide the capital for postwar business recovery? SEC restrictions, he charged, drained off the incentive for developing new industries. "Big business—you gentlemen" must do the developing of postwar industry, "but how you will be able to set aside capital reserves for postwar expansion when taxes keep you down to the very bone I do not pretend to foresee." Clearly he could draw only one conclusion: Industry must begin to deal with obstacles not when the war is over, but *now*.

THE Shields report dispelled the optimistic glow stimulated earlier by Dr. Robinson. It was all very well to see victory ahead for the Republican Party, but "restrictions" would still continue. The chairman, F. C. Crawford, reassured the delegates. "We've got the long-haired boys and screwballs on the run. There's prosperity ahead for everyone. We've got to get out of our shell. Step into it—use our advantage. They can break us and the whole damn country or we can break them. The two papers admirably demonstrate that the tide is turning our way, and that unless we take full advantage of that fact now, gentlemen, when the war is over it may be too late."

George Gunn Jr., president of the Webster-Brinkley Co., Seattle, Wash., and a power in Republican Party financing, pointed out that there were also many "intelligent" people in the Democratic Party, amply demonstrated by Mr. Farley. The NAM must work with the Democrats. "I am sure that if we put our heads together, extend a friendly hand to our friends in the Democratic Party, a real leader could be found in the South whom all of us could support."

His sentiment won instant approval from Luther B. Stein, vice-president of the Belknap Hardware and Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky. He admitted "old-timers in the South think that the Republican Party is still the 'nigger party.' . . ." But, he added, "enlightened men in the South" realize now that the Republican Party has changed. The chairman nodded, and took it as the sense of the delegates that "We have got to instruct our steering committee to look into the new possibilities of the Republican Party and the Democratic Party making something out of this two-party game we play. Remember, there are three parties. The Republican Party, the Democratic Party, and the New Deal Party. . . . There never was room for three parties in this country."

Lammot du Pont stood up. An expectant hush greeted him as he expressed his desire to speak. He had refused any committee appointment, preferring to participate only as a simple delegate like anyone else. Even so, the delegates recognized a voice from on high when he took the floor. They knew too that Lammot du Pont had left his velvet glove at home.

"Mr. Chairman," said du Pont, and the delegates craned forward, "Mr. Chairman, we've been beating around the bush here all morning. Let's stop ducking the issue. The issue is shall we continue to lend our rights to the government because of the so-called national emergency, or shall we take those rights back?"

"Mr. Roosevelt says that taxes are up and must go higher if we are to win the war. I say if taxes don't come down we may lose the war."

He talked slowly, deliberately. "Now, an industrialist who



William Green, Donald Nelson, and Philip Murray confer on war production. Labor-industrial cooperation is one of the things that the NAM delegates at the Pennsylvania Hotel meeting were determined to destroy.

has to work without making a decent profit has no enthusiasm to work. For all we know, there are many men in this room who have a billion-dollar idea for increasing production—big enough to win the war. But do we have the incentive to develop such an idea? Do we have our hearts in it? Can we get into increasing production wholeheartedly?

"I say again, if taxes came down, it would go a long way to winning the war. This is no short war. . . .

"Do you think the public will let you restore your rights, which we have voluntarily lent to the government for the emergency, after that long period of time?

"Let's be sensible. We hold the aces.

"There isn't a college professor in Washington who can win this war. There isn't a labor leader in the country who can win this war. And the Russians and the British can't win this war unless we produce.

"We' means us. In this room.

"I say this war doesn't eliminate the profit incentive. War or peace. Profits must obtain.

"The time is ripe for straight talk. Washington has got to know that our cooperation can't be won by threats and penalties. Thirty billions are needed. Well and good. That's why we propose a sales tax. Of course it will hit the lower income groups. And let's stop pussyfooting around that.

"War work must show profits—the more the work, the more the profits. Renegotiation of contracts, increases in corporation taxes, increases in higher income taxes must be answered by repeal of the renegotiation legislation! Lower corporation taxes!

Abolish the excess profits tax! Lower high-bracket income taxes! Let's not outsmart ourselves. That's what we mean and that's what we ought to say."

James Rand interrupted. "Are you suggesting that our public platform express these ideas?"

Du Pont smiled thinly. "I'll leave it to the public relations talents to sweeten up the bitter pill—and as far as Washington is concerned, the less sugar the better." He smiled again, and picking up the threads of his thought, "One of you earlier this morning suggested a campaign to rub the words 'capitalist' and 'capitalism' out of the public mind because of their connotations. Well and good. Do it if you can—but turn your minds to hammering out principles and plans for the coming year to rub out the situations that will, if we fail in our responsibility, succeed in rubbing out not the words 'capitalists' and 'capitalism,' but the actualities of capitalists and capitalism themselves. That means us and ours. Fighting that this year is our job today."

He paused. Then coldly, impressively, he commanded: "Deal with the government and the rest of the squawkers the way you deal with a buyer in a seller's market! If the buyer wants to buy, he has to meet your price. Nineteen hundred and twenty-nine to 1942 was the buyer's market—we had to sell on their terms. When the war is over, it will be a buyer's market again. But this is a seller's market! They want what we've got. Good. Make them pay the right price for it. The price isn't unfair or unreasonable. And if they don't like the price, why don't they think it over?"

The applause was violent. Only a handful of delegates clapped



They want to destroy this too. (Left) a Negro worker in an aircraft plant—participation of Negroes in the war would be seriously affected if the Jim Crow attitude of some NAM delegates prevailed. (Right) Women training for war production. The delegates want them driven "back into the homes where they belong," immediately after the war.

restrainedly, politely; the rest went wild with enthusiasm. Like a convert at a revival meeting, an excited delegate jumped up to testify. He had refused to sign a clause in a government contract when it was offered to his company. "They goddamned well removed the clause because I goddamned well was the only one who could do the job for them how they wanted it, when they wanted it."

The morning session ended as another delegate brought the conference to its feet cheering: "We are fighting for *our* freedom. Freedom from renegotiation of contracts. Freedom from 'Pansy' Perkins. Freedom from 'Prostituting' Attorney Arnold. Freedom from the 'Alice-in-Wonderland' War Labor Board, and freedom from that— [wild applause for an obscene epithet] that gentleman on the Hill [sic]."

THE afternoon session continued discussion of the two main reports that had opened the conference. Boiled down, the delegates were of the opinion that:

1. Industry must fight management-labor committees and take steps to prevent trade unionists from "making hay out of the war situation." Lawrence Morris of RCA objected that labor-management committees had proved their value in speeding war production. He was ignored and the original proposal carried.

2. From the debate on postwar unemployment problems, only one specific suggestion emerged: "After the war, women must be consciously driven out of industry and back into the homes where they belong." Majority approval.

3. SEC restrictions must be eliminated, and banking restrictions altered to allow a "free flow" of capital for postwar investment. General agreement.

4. The NAM must reach the grass-roots opinion in America with its program, concentrating on farmers and the middle classes. The workers were out of reach for the present. Proposal approved.

5. An educational program must be launched in high schools, colleges, and universities to inform students of the "fact" that the 1929-40 economic depression was the result of the last war and not the result of industry's "fumbling the ball." Former President Hoover had always held to this theory, while the New Deal had obscured the truth "for political reasons." Depression could be avoided after the present war only if industry had full power to set the economic wheels rolling before the war was over without "political, governmental, alien, or international restrictions." Proposal accepted.

(At this point a delegate insisted on telling an off-the-record story. He had been asked by President Roosevelt to join an unofficial economic committee of five to work out postwar plans for the use of lend-lease money in colonial and semi-colonial countries. He had been asked to visit India and China, and to arrive at some conclusions as to how postwar depression in these countries could be avoided or at least its severity mitigated. He recounted how he had "kidded Washington along until I found out all I wanted to know and then begged off because of other activities." He laughed, "There were four skunks chosen already. I knew I couldn't outsmell them, so I stepped out. That's the kind of thick-glasses boys' claptrap we've got to watch out for. Watch out for and fight!")

6. Industry must stop New Deal mispending of taxes collected for the war effort and "wasted" by "shameful diversions of these funds to boondoggling, useless investigations of industry, war profits, patents, etc." Industry must get rid of the "so-called social agencies." Proposal adopted.

7. Industry must exert the "national influence it enjoys over its employees and their families to carry out far more vigorously and confidently than in the past few years, pressure campaigns on Congress with regards to vital issues." General approval, with the further provision that "expense be no obstacle in enlisting farm support for such pressure campaigns."

Suddenly, James D. Cunningham, president of Republic Flow

Meters Co., Chicago, disrupted the smooth course of the conference by insisting that the NAM platform for 1943 should devote itself to one issue and one issue alone—the winning of the war. "If we don't win the war, there won't be a postwar." Members of the Steering Committee took the floor to fight this outrageous idea. Lamot du Pont gave his considered opinion. Said du Pont:

"The way to view the issue is this. Are there common denominators for winning the war and the peace? If there are, then we should deal with both in 1943. What are they? We will win the war (a) by reducing taxes on corporations, high income brackets, and increase taxes on lower incomes; (b) by removing the unions from any power to tell industry how to produce, how to deal with their employees, or anything else; (c) by destroying any and all government agencies that stand in the way of free enterprise.

"And we will win the peace by reducing taxes, setting unionism aside, and wiping out superfluous government that restricts free enterprise. Therefore, our program from 1943 must deal with 'winning the war' and 'winning the peace'."



These soldiers in an "obstacle course" are preparing to fight the Axis—while du Pont and his allies prepare obstacles to the all-out fight at home.

Chairman Crawford backed up du Pont. "You've got to deal with postwar. The workers want to know whether there will be jobs after the war, and we can't duck it. What's more, if the mass doesn't want to know about postwar, I do!"

The vote was thirty-five for dealing with war and postwar problems on an equal basis, fifteen for emphasizing "winning the war" while dealing with postwar issues, and three for "winning the war" as the only problem for 1943.

Toward the end of the afternoon, the delegates took up the difficulties of "selling" the NAM program to the public. "We don't want to tell the worker, or the farmer for that matter, that we want to reduce taxes just because we want to make war profits," pointed out C. Donald Dallas, president of Revere Copper & Brass, Inc., New York. "Firstly, it isn't true, and secondly, the research material demonstrates how touchy the country is on this whole question of profits."

James Rand urged a campaign of popularization replete with "human values." Lamot du Pont stated that he favored a presentation "which does not pander and does not pretend. We are propounding truths, not selling products. Let's talk a

simple language that the man on the street understands, whether our enemies can distort our meaning because we are plain-spoken or not. I say again, let's not outsmart ourselves."

"The issue isn't whether we peddle our product here with fanfare or dignity," another speaker insisted. "The issue is taking an offensive and maintaining it for twelve months. Each year we start like a house afire, but after the first smack we get from our enemies we get weasel-worded and back down. . . . We've got Roosevelt on the run. We licked production and the Axis is licking him. The finger points where it belongs. Well, keep him on the run. Let's spend some real money this year, what the hell!—it'll only cost us twenty percent, the rest would go in taxes any way. Du Pont is right. So is Jack Rand. Keep it simple, but let's have plenty of it, and by Jesus, let's stick to our guns this once."

Chairman Crawford closed the conference. "We're fighting for the same things our forefathers fought for in 1776," he thundered, obviously moved by his own patriotic sentiments. "They revolted with guns in hand against the same things we're fighting: Taxation without representation is tyranny—and the right to free trade. Let's remember our tradition!"

He held up his hand for attention. "So you see, gentlemen, capitalism isn't a system at all. It's just human nature. Tear it down, and it springs right up again. Destroy the bureaucracy of government agencies that choke our economic life—give free enterprise the room to breathe—and, gentlemen, America doesn't need any planning."

THE NAM "line" was tried out on the public by the *Saturday Evening Post* in its October 10 issue. An editorial entitled "Neo-Liberal Illusion: That Collectivism is Liberty" was reprinted in full by the Scripps-Howard newspapers. "The less privileged lose patience and kill the goose that lays the golden eggs," said the *Post*. Lammot du Pont was blunter: "They want what we've got," he said.

Henry Luce, publisher of *Life*, *Time*, and *Fortune* has talked of an "American century" following the war. Du Pont told the Resolutions Committee: "Britain will lose all her possessions after the war."

The New York *Daily News* stated editorially on Novem-

ber 3: "In short, we are moving toward a totalitarian form of government. . . . Congress, for example, was against the \$25,000 salary limitation, but we've got it nevertheless, by decree of Jimmy Byrnes on a plea of wartime necessity." The NAM Resolutions Committee made much of "dictatorship" and "discrimination" against the wealthy.

The alert little gossip columnist, Igor Cassini, who supplies Cissy Patterson's Washington *Times-Herald* with tittle-tattle, mirrored NAM protests against the course of education today by announcing: "A government-controlled school system will be applied to the country, in imitation of Germany's, Italy's and other dictatorships."

The NAM can count on aid from the defeatist press of Hearst, McCormick, Patterson, and Scripps-Howard in the campaign to make the world safe for the self-chosen elite. The NAM can expect help from Dies, Rankin, Fish, and their like in the political underworld. The NAM can look to bogus patrioteers whipping up race hatred to spread anti-Roosevelt bile, and for comfort from the whole limbo of America Firsters, Christian Fronters, and Coughlinites who form the "mass following" of the appeasers. The people who want to do business with Hitler are once more back at their pre-Pearl Harbor task of "destroying national unity," Eugene B. Casey, President Roosevelt's special executive assistant, told the press last week. "Let's just call them the American Cliveden group," said Casey. "Their parade ground is the over-stuffed drawing room; their battleground, the ultra-provided dining room; and their military weapons, the vicious, scurrilous, treasonable distortions of fact and unmitigated prevarications that serve only the purpose of the Axis powers."

The NAM Resolutions Committee prepares to "sabotage the minds" of the American people, to use Vice-President Wallace's phrase. While the soldiers of freedom die at Stalingrad, in Egypt, in China, on the Solomon Islands, the hard-bitten minority of our country's industrialists plan a crusade for profits and more profits—the "American Plan" of their fathers streamlined for today. To seize upon America's hour of danger as the moment to secure special privilege is not only ignoble, it is dangerous to the common good.

BRUCE MINTON.

Knife in the Back

DEAR READER:

"They want what we've got. Good. Now make them pay the right price for it."

We hope that our gallant men on the coast of North Africa, in the jungle fury of the Solomons, never see these words of Lammot du Pont. We hope that they never hear of that meeting of the NAM's Resolutions Committee. How can a man fight with a knife in his back? Such is the treachery perpetrated by a handful of powerful industrialists who would rule or ruin at the very moment when the nation is engaged in a battle for its life.

Let us never forget what happened in France. A handful of industrialists sold their country for Nazi favors. They betrayed thousands of other businessmen—members of their own class—for a nod and a wink from Berlin's gauleiters.

"... Bring Adolph over here to run the show. ... He's efficient. He can do a better job than any of us can and a damn sight better job than Roosevelt. . . ." Is this the American version of the

French plot first prepared in the back rooms of Citroen and Schneider-Creusot?

The du Ponts are old hands at disruption. They tried it before, when they subsidized the Liberty League in 1934. It was liberty for them and to hell with the rest of the country. The tune hasn't changed. Only now it must be played a little more quietly, more discreetly. Who knows but that Americans may accuse them of treason?

This article sheds further light on the defeatist activities of those reactionary forces that are attempting to use the election returns as a means of junking the social gains of the last ten years, as a means of strangling the national war economy, as a means of talking negotiated peace. This is the "right price" they demand. We are pleased that we are able to expose the conspiracy of a minority of NAM leaders. With your help and with the help of the win-the-war businessmen, the great majority of their class, that conspiracy will be shattered.

THE EDITORS.



JUBILANCE IN BRITAIN

Arms production stepped up immediately upon news that Rommel was on the run. What the British people expect. "This will lead to the second front in Europe."

London (by wireless).

EVEN preliminary reports out of the British factories show that the victory of the Eighth Army is already notably boosting production. At this writing [before the Americans invaded the North African coast—Ed. Note] there hasn't yet been anything quite comparable to what happened on Dieppe Day when the miners, believing a second front in Europe was being opened, actually doubled their output in certain pits. Nevertheless, while nothing would arouse as much enthusiasm as actual fighting in Europe, there's a new atmosphere in the factories since the news out of Egypt. To go back a little: at the beginning of the Egyptian offensive there was an extremely strong undercurrent of skepticism among the workers here. Fully understanding the urgency of opening a second front on the European continent, they regarded—or perhaps it would be fairer to say they vaguely suspected—that the affair in Egypt might be some kind of "hoax," designed perhaps to distract attention from the lack of that offensive action which the public demanded. The first thing to note is that these suspicions have now been removed. For it is obvious that the offensive is being pushed very hard and that the scope of the whole African campaign is on a grand scale so far as relative forces in the Mediterranean area are concerned.

STALIN's speech, however, has enormously clarified in the minds of the British workers the perspective in which to view this offensive and its possibilities. The result is that people are determined above all to do everything in their power to insure that the offensive—which has so far involved few German divisions compared to the number on the Russian front—shall be pushed forward with a vigor and audacity of high strategy corresponding to the real needs of the situation. The fact that the Eighth Army has severely defeated Rommel in Egypt is an inspiration to all those who for months have been declaring that the British Army and British weapons have reached a point of training quality and quantity which enables them to play an immediate decisive part in joint action for the destruction of Hitler's forces.

There is no disposition here either to underestimate the enormous possibilities of the battle in Africa or on the other hand to forget that this battle is not a substitute for a second front on the continent of Europe. It is, rather, a beginning: and it must be evaluated within the totality of the situation. For instance: it can be pretty accurately reckoned that if Hitler were left in a position this winter to carry out his plan for turning Europe into one gigantic, defensive "hedgehog," then even with the loss of all the Axis' North African positions, he might be in a potentially stronger position at the end of, say, five months than he is today. It is known that in the first winter of the war Hitler switched approximately 1,000,000 men from the army into industry in order to prepare the necessary weapons for the campaign in France. At that time he did not control more than a fraction of the European areas which he now controls.

In the second winter of the war Hitler again was able to switch about 1,000,000—perhaps as much as 1,500,000—men from the army to industry. This was the preparation for the Balkan, and far more important, the Russian, campaign.

The winter of 1941-1942 did not provide him with the same opportunities. It is probable that military and economic historians will see the beginning of the downfall of Hitler's war machine precisely in the fact that last winter he was unable to switch skilled German workers from the Army to industry—indeed, was unable to maintain German war production at the essential tempo he had set. Still it is true that today the total industrial resources of Europe at Hitler's disposal are the greatest single industrial potential in the world.

It is perhaps startling but it is necessary to realize that, according to the best information available collected in part by neutral experts, the immediate potential of Hitler-controlled Europe is reckoned at at least one and a half times that of the United States. It is, therefore, very easy to understand why Hitler must not be allowed to exploit that potential successfully during the next four or five months.

THAT is the background of the brilliant Egyptian victory. It is not a detraction from that victory to draw attention to the fact that on the defensive Hitler can prove as cunning and as menacing as he has proved on the offensive in the past. What all this totals up to is that while the whole operation in Africa is of very great importance, its importance is most decisive in so far as the military and political repercussions of these victories are exploited immediately. Hitler's defensive master plan, adopted of necessity after the collapse of his Russian time-table, can be destroyed most speedily upon the continent of Europe.

During the weeks to come the British people will increasingly be watching events, from this standpoint. They will hope that the American people will be equally alert. And in this connection it is rightly or wrongly felt among large numbers of people here that the results of the congressional elections must have acted as a warning and rallying note to serious American anti-fascists.

It would be absurd to deny that a number of the results of the elections in the United States have come as a shock to people here and as events which appear quite inexplicable. It is rather as though you were suddenly to hear that British constituencies had suddenly taken the opportunity to reelect to Parliament Lady Astor or Captain Ramsay. The results have not alarmed British opinion but they have underlined the fact that in the United States, as here, the grossest forces of reaction are still not ashamed to show and to exert themselves. We are reminded that these people are still permitted too much liberty in their battle against liberty, too much power, too much say in the affairs of democracies whose most basic principles their whole policy essentially opposes.

HISTORY was made last weekend, as well as celebrated. The celebration was for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Soviet republics; the history lay in the nature of that celebration—the stunning concatenation of events and personalities that demonstrated, if such demonstration is still needed, that growth is the law of life.

Consider the facts in their isolation for a moment. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was twenty-five years old last weekend. On November 7, to be exact. On November 7:

American sea, land, and air forces opened our first offensive against Hitlerism in North Africa.

For the first time in the United States of America the celebration of *any* anniversary of the Soviet Union was sponsored, greeted, and participated in by representatives of our government; the armed forces; the leaders of business; the representatives of the major labor organizations of America; representatives of the Roman Catholic Church, of Congress, of the arts.

On November 7 and 8 the American Council on Soviet Relations held or sponsored celebrations of the Soviet anniversary simultaneously all over the broad expanses of America. In New York and Los Angeles, in Chicago and New Orleans, in Mobile, Jacksonville, Boston, New Haven, and Newark, in Bridgeport, Conn., Albany, Elizabeth, N. J., and Denver, Colo., and seven other cities, citizens of the United States, citizens of every national origin, every religious denomination, every class, every political color, were meeting in a national Salute to Our Russian Ally, a congress of American-Soviet friendship.

ON THE weekend of November 7-8, the love that has been latent in the hearts of Americans for the past twenty-five years burst forth and overflowed—love for the Russian people and the people of all the Soviet republics; gratitude for the blood they have shed in our behalf; determination to take our stand at their side.

On Nov. 7, 1942, Red-baiting got a mortal blow. The red of the Soviet flag, the Chinese flag, the British and American flags and the flags of every other United Nation, merged in one vast expanse of crimson glory—for red has *always* been the color of blood, the color of life itself.

In New York City, at the Hotel New Yorker, 1,232 delegates of the people of America met in eight panel discussions that covered every aspect of Soviet life and culture. Three hundred and forty-eight of these delegates represented labor unions; 284 represented other organizations of the people, 600 represented themselves—and their friends, neighbors, and their children. They had come to learn. They listened patiently, enthusiastically to over sixty speakers; they saw examples of Soviet film, they listened to Soviet music and drama; they asked questions.

It is impossible to summarize what they heard, saw, and said. It is impossible to list the speakers who related the accomplishments of the USSR to the necessities of America. It is impossible to list the guests present at the luncheon, the panel discussions, the mass meeting in Madison Square Garden that was unlike any other meeting ever held in that historic tribune of the people; that was history itself.

In New York alone, at the Hotel New Yorker, you saw the faces of the people and their leaders. The people, Negro and white, poor or well-to-do, were a mass and a vast aggregate of individuals, each hungry for information, all faces lit with understanding, with enlightenment, with love. And the leaders?

There was Joseph E. Davies, former ambassador to the USSR, who was the honorary chairman, the very focus of this congress. He addressed the people and he lectured the representatives of the press who interviewed him following the luncheon. "This Congress is unique," he said, "it is *sui generis*. It sprang from the heart of the American people. It is not affiliated to any political party or organization. It is the pledge

SALUTE TO OUR ALLY

Never before did America witness such a demonstration of friendship. In peace, as in war. . . . "From East, from West, from North, from South, the pledges came." What happened in Madison Square Garden November 7.

that we will be with the Soviet people, to the end; in the war and in the peace—in their aspirations to bring a better world." He sat, at the luncheon, with the consul-generals of the Soviet Union, of Great Britain, China, Mexico, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Yugoslavia, and Cuba. He introduced a Catholic philosopher from Notre Dame who told 1,000 luncheon guests that "the victory of the Soviet Union guarantees the preservation of religion," and called for a second front on the continent of Europe. He introduced Corliss Lamont, chairman of the congress, Senator Pepper of Florida, Arthur Upham Pope, chairman of the Committee for National Morale, E. C. Roper of the US Department of Commerce, Prof. Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard.

In other rooms of the Hotel New Yorker Saturday and Sunday, the delegates saw and heard such diverse speakers as Harry Bridges and Vilhjalmur Stefansson; Ales Hrdlicka, and "Blackie" Meyers of the NMU; Dr. Henry Sigerist and Anastasia Petrova (of the staff of the Soviet Embassy); Eleanor Gimbel of the Committee on Care of Young Children in Wartime, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist; Joris Ivens and Jules Empsak of the UE, Albert Rhys Williams and Stanley Isaacs, Max Werner and Pierre Cot, Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York University and Jacob Potofsky of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Max Yergan and Liu Liang Mo.

FROM the Hotel New Yorker to Madison Square Garden it is sixteen blocks. Twenty-two thousand people jammed the Garden; standing room was sold. And at the Garden, with the American, the British Broadcasting Co., and the OWI microphones set up, the congress found an expression that will live in the hearts of the thousands who witnessed it, in the hearts of the millions who only heard.

To the Garden came President Roosevelt's telegram of greeting and tribute. Came a wire of greeting from a man at that moment planning and executing our magnificent attack on Vichy's African possessions: "In behalf of the US soldiers in the European theater of operations I wish to salute the gallant Soviet army." It was signed: Eisenhower. To the Garden came President Roosevelt's personal emissary—the Vice-President of the United States, Henry A. Wallace. You have read his speech by now; it is a document of state. To the Garden came the representative of the President in his other capacity, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy: Lt. Gen. Leslie C. McNair. To the Garden there came the governor of the Empire State, Herbert Lehman, and the mayor of the greatest city in that state, Fiorello LaGuardia. To the Garden came William Green of the AFL, R. J. Thomas, representing Philip Murray of the CIO, and a statement from A. F. Whitney of the Railroad Brotherhoods.

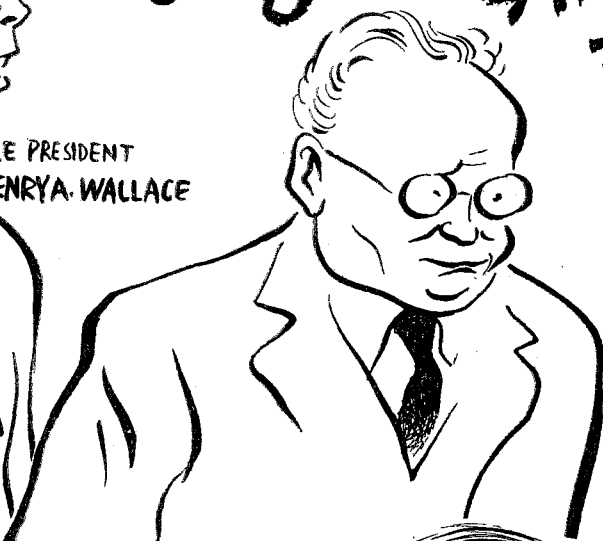
Upon the podium in the Garden there stood, in the white shaft of light from the rafters, a black man—Paul Robeson.

(Continued on page 14)

Congress of American-Soviet Friendship



VICE PRESIDENT
HENRY A. WALLACE



AMBASSADOR
MAXIM LITVINOV



LT. GENERAL
MCNAIR



CORLISS
LAMONT



HON. JOSEPH E. DAVIES



PAUL ROBESON



SENATOR
CLAUDE D. PEPPER



R.J. THOMAS



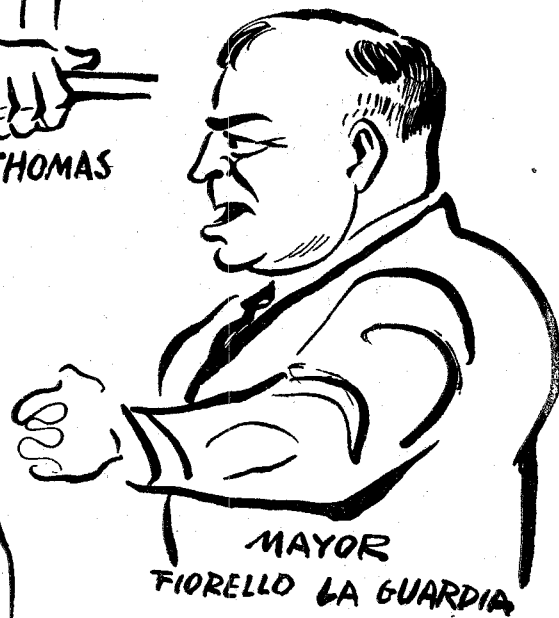
WILLIAM GREEN



THOMAS W. LAMONT



GOVERNOR
HERBERT H. LEHMAN



MAYOR
FIORELLO LA GUARDIA

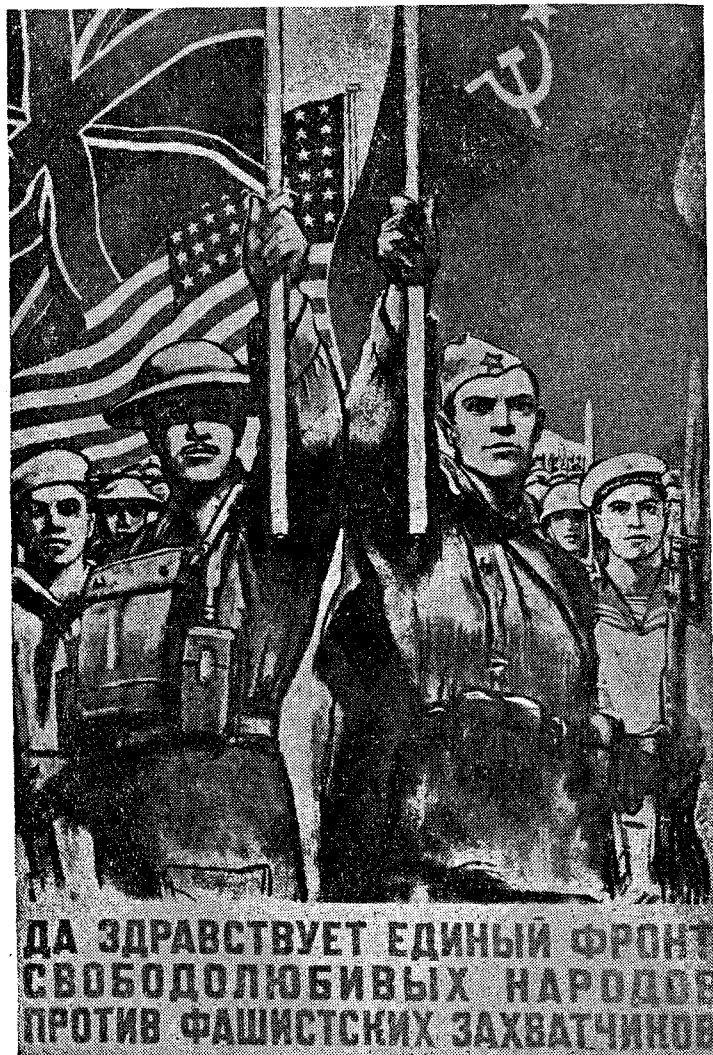
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AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
N.Y.

(Continued from page 12)

He spoke. He sang. What he said, what he sang moved that vast assemblage as it had been moved only by the appearance of its city, state, and national leaders, its labor leaders, by the massing of the flags of the United Nations borne by soldiers, sailors and Marines; as it was moved by the appearance on that platform of Corliss Lamont and his father, Thomas Lamont, chairman of the executive committee of J. P. Morgan, by Thomas Lamont's speech and the handshake he gave—the handshake that was individually given, man by man, by Wallace, Lehman, Thomas, Green, Davies, Pepper and Robeson and McNair, to Maxim Litvinov.

It was history being made; history being celebrated. LaGuardia had announced November 8 as "Stalingrad Day." Davies had requested and the People's Philharmonic Chorus had sung *The International*. The Rev. Dr. Ralph Sockman had invoked the blessings of God upon the Red Army and the armies of the United Nations; the Dean of Canterbury had wired from abroad and Corliss Lamont had presented to Litvinov the Book of American-Soviet friendship, bound in four volumes, signed by hundreds of thousands of humble citizens, carried by men from the North, the South (a Negro), from the East and West. Professor McMahon of Notre Dame had renewed his plea for a continental invasion.

THINGS were said at the Congress, at the panel sessions, and in the Garden that people have been waiting years to hear said. It was good to hear an official spokesman for the Congress of the United States, Senator Pepper, say: "The people of the Soviet Union are a realistic people. The people of the Soviet Union would not be intelligent if they did not have a justifiable suspicion that modern democracies could not fight a modern war. It is up to us to decide whether or not we have



Soviet poster. "Long live the united front of the freedom-loving peoples in the struggle against the fascist invaders."

the will to win this war. I think we have. The people of the Soviet Union are a people of steel, with an army of steel, led by a man of steel. But the people of America are a people of flint, with an army of flint, led by a man of flint. Between the flint and the steel there will arise the spark of true freedom."

"There are forces in the United States," said Mr. Davies at his press conference, "that are working for Hitler. Some are fools but others are knaves—or better, traitors. There will be a peace offensive launched by these people, here and abroad. But I don't believe they'll get away with it. I don't think the American people will fall for stuff like that."

There are no words for it; forgive these words. It was life; it was a dream come true. You could not help thinking of the anonymous thousands of Americans who have labored for twenty-five years in order to hasten the day of friendship and understanding that finally came so aptly on Nov. 8, 1942. In countless draughty, dingy meeting halls, in endless living rooms and street-corners, by unnumbered speeches, and articles—hundreds, yes thousands of anonymous Americans have been saying for twenty-five years what was said over and over and over last weekend throughout America.

That the Soviet Union is our friend.

That the Soviet Union is our ally.

That the Soviet Union is a great democracy, a beacon of hope for humanity.

That our world is of a piece.

That a man, a woman, a child, struck down in Stalingrad or in Chungking, on Bataan or in Yugoslavia or Greece—that man, that woman, that child is our brother, our sister, our child.

That oppression of man by man must be crushed forever.

That together all men, all women, all children must build a world that will be the guarantee of freedom for all men, all women, all children, black, white, brown, or yellow; Christian, Mohammedan, or Jew; Democrat, Republican, or Communist.

Now it is understood. Now the word is said. "We have now reached the time," said Vice-President Wallace, "when victory can be taken from us only by misunderstanding and quarreling among ourselves." And he was not talking of military victory over fascism alone, but of human victory over poverty, oppression, and war.

To the tense and waiting audience former Ambassador Davies administered a pledge. "I read this resolution," he said, "to be sent from this meeting to the people of the Soviet Union." He read. It was a pledge to fight with the Soviet people and the people of the United Nations to the bitter end. A pledge to win the war; to win the peace, a people's peace. A pledge that when the war was won, we would stand shoulder to shoulder with the people of the other United Nations, as we had stood with them in the ranks of war. A pledge to build, with them, a better, decent world in which life would be worth living.

"Will all those who approve of this resolution," said Mr. Davies, "please stand?"

Twenty-two thousand people stood as one man. The noise was thunder. On the platform there stood the Soviet ambassador, the governor, the lieutenant-general, the Negro Robeson, the labor leaders, the Vice-President of the United States of America. It was a moment that belonged to history.

The simple facts have been proclaimed now. By the President; by the Vice-President, the governor of the state and the mayor of the city; by the military leader and the labor leader; by the black man and the white man. Nowhere, at no point, was the voice of Martin Dies or Adolph Hitler heard—or echoed. The international unity we have shouted for so long is being achieved; the international solidarity of all who toil is being cemented.

ALVAH BESSIE.

POLYAKOV'S LAST DISPATCHES

The author of "Russians Don't Surrender" was reporting on the Rzhev front when he was killed last month. This is the first instalment of his final writings.

Moscow (by cable).

HAD the Germans known Major Zhigarev with his scouts was crawling for four days directly in front of their fortified district, they would have lost no time in opening fire from all their 200 guns concentrated on this district. But the Germans didn't know that the Soviet artillery reconnaissance service was preparing to deliver a blow at their fortified district, blocking the way to Rzhev.

The broad-shouldered, stocky, thirty-five-year-old artillery man, Major Zhigarev, was in command of a heavy artillery regiment. The field was enveloped in darkness when, after four days of uninterrupted scouting, five men with the major at the head returned to the regiment positions. Zhigarev's observation point was in the top of a tall fir tree. A platform was resting among the branches like a nest. Inside the nest was the commander himself, with his scouts at the edges. "Zaitsev! Hand me the battle formation scheme," orders the major, tearing himself away from the apparatus. In a flash a planetable showing the disposition of batteries and battalions appears before him. "Target scheme" is the next command, and a planetable with a drawing is produced with miniature villages, bridges, and stations traced in blue and red pencil.

Four forty-five AM, five minutes to go before the cannons open up. The crews at the batteries received all orders except the final "fire."

WHAT were they thinking of, Major Zhigarev and his batterymen, at their guns in those last five minutes? Gunlayers were probably concerned lest at the last moment one of the fires used for camouflage might drop against the gunbarrel and upset their sight. Of course, it's hard to conceive that that light fir tree, which would five minutes later be thrown into a fever by the fire, should be able to move a huge gunbarrel. But, as is always the case, the gunners were concerned over the range. The last minutes before opening fire the major glanced in the direction of the enemy. His face was calm and stern. Was he mentally tracing the ten- and twenty-kilometer trajectories from his guns to the enemy bridges and firepoints, which would be sent sky-high in a few minutes? Or was he drawing a 1,000-kilometer trajectory from Rzhev to faraway Krasnoyarsk, where his little girl waited for him?

Five o'clock. A few mortar batteries flashed a signal and before the sound of a shot reached the commander, he ordered "Fire!" A tornado of fire illumed the zone. It seemed as if the roar reverberated through the skies to the very stars. "Zaitsev, report your observations," said the major without lifting his eyes from the stereotelescope.

"The first and third batteries destroyed their targets," was the reply.

"Fine. Then take a new firepoint."

The massed artillery attack caught the Germans completely by surprise and caused a panic throughout their fortified district. Through this telescope the major could clearly see the Germans running from dugouts. The horizon looked like a volcano erupting explosions. A signal rocket sent the infantry and tanks into attack.

While infantrymen engaged the remnants, the enemy tommygunners at the mainline tanks swept deep into the enemy defenses. Feverish work was in progress at Major Zhigarev's observation point: It was necessary to shift the fire of the batteries, to keep it always in front of the advancing infantry and at the same time to overtake the fleeing Germans, get ahead of them, cut their retreat, and prevent the enemy from throwing fresh reserves into the battle.

"Comrade Major," reports a scout, "a German armored train has appeared from the West."

"An armored train? Good. Let me see." Without averting his eyes from his telescope, the major cries from his fir tree nest, "Yudenko, don't you see who's coming?"

"Fire has opened, Comrade Major," is the reply. Once again the major calls the silent scout. "Zaitsev, are you asleep? What else have we got there?"



Alexander Polyakov

"Some 200 Germans headed for our point."

"What Germans?" repeats the major swiftly, returning to his apparatus. "Why didn't you say so before?"

"They are under convoy, Comrade Major, war prisoners," says Zaitsev embarrassed. Battalions of powerful long-range guns are pounding away at their targets with the aid of a fire-adjusting plane.

Here are some excerpts from radiograms received from the air:

"North one correct. Running fire." "Target number four bridge. Continue. West one. Correct. Continue. Fire to reduce concrete. Now strike at them. Fine. Smashed. Am changing to target number one."

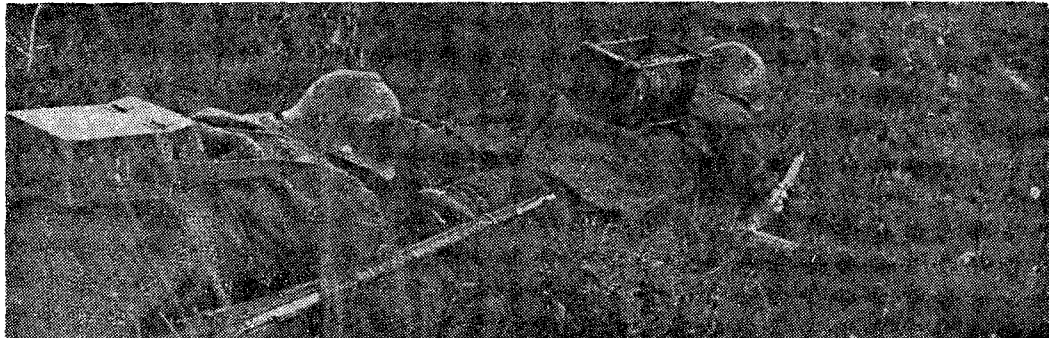
Target number one was an enemy air-drome kept under fire by Assistant Regiment Commander Major Cherkasov. Following the first salvo, the radio from the plane reported two planes set afire. The center of the landing ground was reduced to such a degree that the first German plane to arrive on the scene was afraid to land there. Apparently it was in need of fuel.

The pilot was compelled to land in a field nearby. Three words from the air and Cherkasov rapidly shifted fire from the old air-drome to a "new" one and before the crew had time to alight, the third shell scored a direct hit and the plane was blown to pieces.

A fortified zone of the German front was pierced. The Soviet infantry under cover of artillery gained a fifteen-kilometer advance. Upon preparing to leave his commanding point, Major Zhigarev turned to the scout Zaitsev and with a twinkle in his eye said, "It seems our scouts didn't do so badly at all. Keep it up and you'll be an artilleryman."

THE interest of the Division Scouts had long been attracted by a lively spot—a former rest home now housing a Nazi officers' brothel. To reach it the scouts had to penetrate the enemy rear many miles beyond the frontline. The "date house," situated in a picturesque locale near Lake Seliger, became the favorite haunt of German officers on short leave. There they indulged in the most reckless revelry. These orgies continued incessantly and drunken voices echoed for miles around.

Lately Artillery Scout Zaitsev, who understood German and who paid the most frequent "visits" to the resting officers, noticed one word recurring in the conversations he overheard. "Strange thing," he remarked. "Whenever you hear them talk, Germans invariably mention a certain Bertha. First time I thought this was the name of a wench there. But then it would seem there were rather too many 'Berthas.' I didn't know what to make of it: either all the German strumpets in that place were called Bertha, or perhaps there is a cer-



Soviet theater of war: Scouts (left) make their way to the enemy rear. Signalmen (above, right) starting out to repair a telephone line. Red Army men (below, right) attack to retake a Nazi-occupied village.

tain Bertha who obliges all the officers," he would say, puzzled. Reporting to Regiment Commander Major Zhigarev results of his scouting trips, Zaitsev would invariably begin, "Again that Bertha thing, Comrade Major."

The major was usually noncommittal. But one day after studying the documents brought by Zaitsev, he summoned Scouting Battalion Commander Captain Nikolayev. "Many artillery officers appeared in the rest home and vicinity," he said. "See what you can do."

It looked as if matters were taking a serious turn. To all appearances the Germans were preparing an offensive in this sector. But they were in no hurry; they were concentrating only long-range heavy artillery. "We will steal a march on them," concluded Zhigarev. "Get your men to intensify their work. As for the Berthas in the rest home, we will have to dispatch air suitors to them," he added, turning to the commissar, who nodded approval.

The major raised the receiver and asked for Pilot Vasilyev, who temporarily replaced the commander of the Fire-Adjusting Planes Unit. Soon Vasilyev, with a navigator and observer, was seated in the dugout of the regiment commander. A few days later the major accumulated all data concerning the target from reports submitted by Nikolayev and Vasilyev. He himself took care to bring up two battalions of long-range guns which he had drawn closer to the frontline every night. The preparations weren't spotted by a single German scouting plane. Hidden in the

brush, Zhigarev's advanced artillery observers inspected the terrain through strong telescopes. This was Sunday and they noticed an unusual animation in the neighborhood of the "date house."

From every direction Germans were observed walking toward a meadow bordering on the forest. There was a brass band at the edge of the forest ready for the officers' picnic. Zhigarev received short radiograms at his commanding point. The last of them read, "German mob growing bigger. Orchestra playing."

THE batteries were ordered to open fire. Long-range guns roared the first salvo and for five minutes the earth rocked with explosions as 150 heavy shells dropped onto a small field. When quiet set in again, the scene of the officers' picnic was a black spot enveloped in smoke. The damage was heavy. A few minutes later the Germans opened weak fire from their light artillery.

"Well, this will surely mean the end of Bertha," said the scout Zaitsev. Actually it was only the beginning. The enemy artillery fire grew heavier and heavier. The third night the dugout housing and commanding point was shaken by an extremely heavy explosion. It felt like an air bomb. When the men climbed outside there was no plane to be seen. Small shells were bursting all around, alternating with a heavy explosion now and then.

"So you finally did speak up, darling,"

mumbled Major Zhigarev. "Go on, express your dying wish, frau Bertha."

Soon the major received a report that heavy cannon was systematically pounding away from a distance thirty to forty kilometers deep in the German defenses. The heavy gun fired all night long. And all night long Zhigarev swore at the scouts for not submitting precise information as to the location of this gun. For three days Zhigarev kept all branches of his reconnaissance service on the go. The whole Fire-Adjusting Air Unit was dispatched for this purpose. Even Pilot Vasilyev, whom the major greatly admired for his splendid work, received a scolding over the ether.

All day long the Fire-Adjusting planes circled the district of the cannon's supposed location. Time and again they were in danger of being brought down by the German fighters or AA fire but they continued their search. With the aid of a sound detector, Scout Vasilyev finally succeeded in spotting the accursed Bertha at dusk. Overjoyed, he immediately radioed the news to the major. The whole regiment trained its guns on Bertha. The pilots directed massed artillery fire. Finally Vasilyev radioed the last command from the air: "Cease fire. Cannon and crew destroyed."

And so the heavy cannon which required fifteen flat-cars to bring it, mounted on a special concrete platform and provided with a narrow gauge railway to the Rhzev District, ceased to exist. Frau "Bertha" had expired.

ALEXANDER POLYAKOV.

Soviet Cartoonist Boris Efimov Looks at the Axis



Psychological defense of the Germans on the West Coast



The national flag of Vichy



Confiscating more wool in Italy

EPICS IN TEST TUBES

The laboratories' new chemical fighters against germs. Penicillin's potentialities. Haystacks against blood clots. TB meets an enemy.

ONE of the major battles in this war is the battle against disease. Part of this battle is the search for new and more effective chemical weapons. I want to tell you about four such new weapons with great potentialities. One is a possibly successful chemotherapeutic agent for tuberculosis, which has been sought for decades. Another is a new remedy from haystacks for blood-clotting diseases. A third consists of molds and bacteria which devour other bacteria. And the fourth is a new morphine substitute which probably will not cause addiction.

These drugs are now undergoing extensive investigation in American and British laboratories. Some of them may prove as spectacular in their effects as did the early sulfonamides, but it must be emphasized that all are still in the experimental stage and have not yet been released for general distribution.

THE ferocity of wild animals in killing and devouring other species is rivaled by the most minute living things, bacteria and molds, which often prey on other bacteria. Application of this phenomenon in research has led to the development of a whole series of new anti-bacterial agents which may well outdo the highly effective sulfonamide drugs in germ-slaughtering properties. The story goes back several years to one of London's largest hospitals where Prof. A. Fleming noticed one day that a mold, similar to those which sometimes grow on stale bread and other food, had contaminated one of his bacterial cultures. He observed that eventually this yeast killed the culture. The implications of these findings spurred investigators to set to work on further experiments. This led to the discovery that the mold in question, *Penicillium*, selectively destroyed many other types of bacteria as well. After many trials other workers succeeded in extracting from *Penicillium* the substance which possesses the germ-killing properties, and named it penicillin.

Further investigations have demonstrated that penicillin destroys bacteria in the presence of pus, which gives it a theoretical advantage over the sulfonamides (sulfanilamide and its derivatives), as these drugs are greatly inhibited by purulent secretions. Thus future research may demonstrate that penicillin is of particular value in pus infections such as war wounds, sinusitis, mastoiditis, and boils. In addition the new substance is effective in most cases when diluted to the enormous degree of one part in a million, and a more recent report tells of inhibiting the growth of *Staphylococcus aureus*, the common germ of pus infections, in the amazing dilution of one part in 12,000,000.

Experiments with mice infected with this germ show penicillin to be twice as efficacious in combating it as the most effective sulfonamide. The value of penicillin in war surgery

is enhanced by the fact that a small package of the substance may be transported by plane to distant areas to be diluted to enormous quantities of effective solutions for treating large numbers of wounded. Penicillin seems to have little or no toxic effects on the body even when injected intravenously, another advantage over the sulfonamides. Its slaughter of pathogenic organisms in the body completed, the substance passes out through the urine. At present penicillin cannot be produced in large enough quantities to treat many patients. However, probably in the near future its chemical structure will be discovered, whereupon it will be possible to manufacture the substance synthetically in large amounts.

About a dozen similar germ-killing agents have been more recently developed, one group from other molds and another from cultures of the common bacteria living in the soil. A powerful remedy has been derived from the mold, *Aspergillus clavatus*, and the substances gramicidin, pyocyanase, pycanin, and H-1 have been prepared from soil bacteria. The advantages of these substances are similar to those of penicillin except that they are more efficacious against some pathogenic bacteria and less against others.

A CHEMICAL originally found in haystacks may prove to be highly effective in diseases involving blood clots. Scientists at the University of Wisconsin observed that when cattle ate spoiled clover, the bovines' blood lost its ability to form clots; eventually scientists isolated from the clover the substance, dicoumarin, which prevents coagulation. Tests with the new drug on man demonstrate that it possesses some advantages over heparin, the anti-coagulant now in use,—more prolonged action, effectiveness when given by mouth, and cheapness. After sufficient clinical trials on man, it is probable that the new drug will be considered useful in preventing the frequently fatal blood clots which sometimes form after operations. Especially prevalent and dangerous types of blood-clotting are those which occur in the legs and those in which pieces of the clots break off to be conveyed to lung arteries where they stop the blood supply of a section of the lung. It has been found that dicoumarin is quite effective in preventing and treating such cases.

THE very wide prevalence of tuberculosis and the relative ineffectiveness of known forms of treatment have for decades stimulated an extensive search for a drug which would kill bacillus tuberculosis in the body, especially during the last ten years of experimentation with sulfanilamide and its derivatives. However, until recently this tough germ resisted all attacks upon it with thousands of chemicals used experimentally, including onslaughts with sulfonamides which otherwise easily kill

the most resistant of bacteria. The experiments usually consist of artificially infecting guinea pigs with human tuberculosis and then administering the drug under consideration. Large numbers of such trials led to no definite conclusions until scientists began investigating a chemical compound called promin, which is a close relative of the sulfonamide family.

A series of infected guinea pigs was treated with promin and the therapy prevented death in a high percentage of the animals, whereas the disease killed all in a control group infected in the same manner, which did not receive promin. In addition autopsies performed on all the guinea pigs showed the severity of the disease to be "impressively less" in the treated group.

The next step was to test promin for any possible toxic effects on tubercular persons. Trials were conducted at the Mayo Clinic, where it was discovered that small doses may be safely administered to such patients. The Mayo scientists then proceeded to investigate the therapeutic effectiveness of the drug in humans, but this required over a year because the signs of healing tuberculosis do not manifest themselves until after several months. Last spring the first results were announced, demonstrating that lesions were nearly or entirely healed within six months in thirteen of eighteen patients who had been in an early stage of the disease before treatment began. Although the series of patients was too small to draw very definite conclusions and the drug seemed to show little effect in more advanced and chronic tuberculosis, the investigators believe that promin has good possibilities.

This drug is derived from the chemical, di-amino-di-phenyl-sulfone, which has more recently been also tested on the tuberculosis bacillus both in the test tube and in guinea pigs. The same scientists performed parallel experiments with promin and found that the effect of the parent drug in test tubes and in animals was superior to that of promin, leading them to conclude that di-amino-di-phenyl-sulfone is the most efficacious yet discovered.

ADDICTION is the great stumbling block to the extended use of morphine, which in many cases is the only agent which affords relief from severe pain. A new synthetic drug is now being investigated which is as effective as morphine but whose employment in ordinary doses probably does not cause addiction as does morphine. Experiments have been reported on the use of this drug, demerol, in about 1,000 people and animals, showing that a craving for demerol in the latter was not created even with large amounts administered over long periods of time. When ordinary doses of the drug were administered to morphine addicts, they did not acquire a craving for it. But the new drug must be administered with care as it is habit-forming in the same mild manner as is coffee or tobacco. When demerol is finally released for general use, it will probably replace morphine in most cases and will be employed to break morphine addicts of their habituation.

PETER BOWMAN.

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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What the Elections Mean

THE election results are nothing to crow about—or to wring hands over. If they serve as an antidote to complacency and to all notions that we can jog along at any old pace in this war, they may yet prove to be what the doctor ordered. The win-the-war forces have undoubtedly suffered a serious setback. But nothing has happened that offensive military action, the momentous beginnings of which are now developing in French North Africa, and the united will of the people cannot remedy. Those who speak in terms of a Republican landslide, of a repudiation of the administration, are just as much in error as those who see nothing but a traditional mid-term shift. In view of the fact that party labels mean less today than ever, and war supporters and appeasers may be found among both Republicans and Democrats, it is especially important to differentiate among the successful candidates and not judge them solely or primarily by their party affiliations.

The Republicans won forty-three additional seats in the House, almost wresting control from the Democrats, and nine new seats in the Senate. They elected seventeen out of thirty-three governors, ousting progressive Democratic administrations in such key states as New York, California, and Michigan. While conflicting trends were also manifested, it is clear that a higher proportion of voters than at any time since the Hoover days voiced their dissatisfaction with things as they are, by turning to the GOP. It is also evident that for a number of reasons, including the operations of the two-party system, this discontent expressed itself in a confused form: all types of Republicans—win-the-war, defeatist, and those with ambiguous positions—were the beneficiaries of this popular mood. There is certainly nothing but the party name in common between Willkie Republicans like Joseph Clark Baldwin of New York and Christian Herter of Massachusetts, both elected to the House with labor support, and such Axis favorites as Reps. Ham Fish and Stephen Day.

WHAT was the nature of the dissatisfaction that produced the Republican gains? Certainly it did not represent opposition to the war. The fact is that so wholeheartedly are the American people behind the war that, in contrast to other war elections, not a single candidate dared to campaign openly on a "peace" platform, though there

was no lack of plain and fancy sedition from such as Ham Fish and Senator Brooks of Illinois. Nor do we think that Sen. Prentiss Brown of Michigan, a leading administration supporter who was an election casualty, has done more than utter a confusing half-truth by attributing the results to popular resentment against wartime restrictions and dislocations. For if the people wholeheartedly support the war, how can they be opposed to the measures necessary to win it? They oppose such measures only when they are badly planned or administered (which has sometimes been the case), or *when they are unable to see any relation between these measures and decisive military action.* As Milton Howard put it in the *Daily Worker* of November 6: "... the sacrifices and dislocations of the war tend to appear to the people, in the absence of physical clashes with the enemy, as arbitrary and unnecessary. The political saboteurs of the government's war effort become the 'champions of the people.'"

FOR once Sen. Tom Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, spoke to the point when he said: "Instead of the vote indicating a lack of sympathy with the prosecution of the war and our high purposes, it can be more justly construed as indicating impatience in some quarters with what the people regard as not quite vigorous enough and aggressive enough action on the battlefield." Thus the failure to come to grips with the main Axis forces in Europe—the sharpest manifestation of war-as-usual—may be considered the primary factor in creating that mood of impatient discontent which, in the absence of counteracting influences, expressed itself in a considerable rise in the Republican vote. Ironically enough, because the titular head of the Republican Party, Wendell Willkie, became the spokesman for this widespread desire for offensive action, all kinds of Republicans, including the opponents of a victory policy, profited from Willkie's increased prestige among the masses.

A second manifestation of war-as-usual that contributed to the result is the planless, fumbling approach to the problems of war economy. This probably had its most serious repercussions among the farmers, who are finding it increasingly difficult to obtain the labor necessary to run their farms, and among small businessmen who are undergoing a slow economic death as a result of the failure to utilize them in the war production program.

Undoubtedly, too, large sections of the Negro people swung back to traditional reliance on the Republican Party because of continued discrimination in industry and the renaissance terrorism against them in a number of Democratic-controlled southern states. It goes without saying that the chief obstructionists in the unleashing of our country's total energies on the battlefield, in production, and in every aspect of the war effort were loudest in demanding vigorous prosecution of the war and thereby in all too many cases succeeded in goldbricking their way into office.

THIS brings us to a third factor in the poor election results: the failure of the leadership of the win-the-war forces to view the election as an integral part of the war against the Axis. This caused them to neglect the major war issues, such as the second front and the establishment of a centralized, planned war economy, and to hesitate about challenging and exposing the defeatists and disrupters. Most of the relatively few candidates who did conduct aggressive campaigns were either elected or missed election by narrow margins. In California, for example, where Governor Olson was defeated by the arch-reactionary Republican, Earl Warren, Robert W. Kenny, outstanding win-the-war Democrat, was elected attorney general, while another militant Democrat, Lieut. Gov. Ellis Patterson, missed reelection by only a few thousand votes. In Washington Representatives Coffee, Magnuson, and Jackson, who called for the opening of a second front, were reelected by impressive majorities, whereas their Democratic colleagues, Hill and Smith, who softpedaled this issue, lost to Republicans. In Connecticut the win-the-war Democratic state ticket was defeated in a close contest, thanks only to a Trojan horse called the Socialist Party. The vote for the Socialist candidate for governor, McLevy, though small, was greater than the margin by which the Republican, Baldwin, defeated Governor Hurley. Likewise in the fourth district Clare Boothe Luce had the Socialist candidate, Mansell, to thank for her victory over Rep. LeRoy Downs.

The efforts of good individual candidates were greatly handicapped by the neutrality of President Roosevelt and Vice-President Wallace, the politics-as-usual activities of such men as Edward J. Flynn, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and the failure of Wendell Willkie to participate in the campaign both before and after his return from abroad, except for a last-minute endorsement of Republican candidates in New York and Connecticut who could hardly be considered representative of his own views. In the absence of a second front and a better organization of our war effort the active intervention of such men as the President and Mr. Willkie might have been decisive in defeating the appeasers and saboteurs of both parties and the election of a different kind of Congress.

Fourth, the fact that in most localities organized labor, despite excellent official statements, tended to regard the election as

a tangential issue and failed, with few exceptions, to pull anything approximating its full weight in the campaign, permitted many defeatist and politics-as-usual candidates to win contests that could have been turned the other way. Undoubtedly the disfranchisement of many war workers because they did not reside long enough in their communities also helped curtail labor's influence in the elections.

And finally, the lack of unity in the win-the-war camp facilitated the defeat of a number of excellent candidates. In New York, for example, President Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, and Mayor LaGuardia each supported a different man for governor, as did the CIO and the AFL. And even within the CIO, there was not complete unity: whereas the Greater New York Industrial Union Council and most CIO unions in the state supported Dean Alfange, candidate of the American Labor Party, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Buffalo Industrial Union Council endorsed Jim Farley's custom-built candidate, John J. Bennett. Division of the pro-war forces also enabled Vichy's representative in the New York legislature, Sen. Frederic Coudert, Jr., to remain in office. The endorsement of Coudert by Mayor LaGuardia and Wendell Willkie, and a sudden case of cold feet and collapsing spine among certain liberals who at first opposed Coudert, made it possible for this imitation Dies to turn the tide that previously had been running against him.

THE New York election results are particularly illuminating both in regard to past mistakes and future possibilities. The overwhelming defeat of Bennett, on the one hand, and the formidable vote cast for Alfange and for the joint Democratic-ALP state candidates, on the other hand, are a powerful rebuke to Farley and the appeasement elements, who tried to overthrow President Roosevelt's leadership, and a vindication of those who sought to unite the win-the-war forces of the state around the candidacy of Senator Mead. While Dewey's vote was greater than the total of Bennett, Alfange, and the Communist standard-bearer, Israel Amter, it is probable that had a single pro-war candidate like Mead been in the field, conducting a very different kind of campaign from Bennett's, he would have attracted the additional votes necessary for victory. This is further indicated by the fact that the Democratic-ALP candidate, Matthew J. Merritt, did succeed, despite all handicaps, in winning one of the two seats for representative-at-large, and by the remarkable vote polled by Lieut. Gov. Charles Poletti, who missed reelection by only about 25,000 votes. It is interesting to note that Poletti not only ran ahead of Bennett on the Democratic ticket, but ahead of Alfange on the ALP line. This means that thousands who voted for Dewey also voted for Poletti in preference to the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor. The vote for Poletti and for the ALP, the victory of Kenny in California and of the Progressive,

Loomis, in Wisconsin, over the pro-fascist Republican, Governor Heil, shows that where a genuine and effective alternative to reactionary Republicans was offered, and where labor and other pro-war groups were on the job, the voters responded.

The most encouraging aspect of the New York campaign was the strengthening of the position of the American Labor Party, with its more than 400,000 votes for Alfange, as a major factor in the political life of the state. The Communist Party waged the most clear-cut campaign of any political organization, a campaign that contributed much in clarifying the issues. Its strategy, which placed major emphasis on voting for governor outside the columns of the two major parties, undoubtedly helped build the Alfange vote and this was partly at the expense of the vote for Amter. It is unfortunate that Amter's vote fell short by a few thousand of the 50,000 minimum required to give the party a permanent place on the ballot.

AS FOR the future, it is evident that the obstructionists in both major parties are already interpreting the election results as a mandate to increase their efforts to hamstring America's war for survival. Senator O'Daniel of Texas, who previously had sought to tie the hands of the Army in utilizing eighteen- and nineteen-year-old draftees, has assaulted the war effort from a new direction with a bill to suspend the Wage-Hour Act in order to relieve the big corporations of the necessity of paying overtime. His fellow-Democrat, Representative Rankin of Mississippi, and a Republican bird-of-a-feather, Rich of Pennsylvania, have demanded repeal of the National Labor Relations Act and the Wage-Hour Law. And that unctuous apostle of appeasement, Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, has come forward with a proposal that there be created in Congress a Republican-Democratic coalition, with "politics and New Dealism" out for the duration. The tory columnist David Lawrence put Vandenberg's idea into blunter language when he wrote (New York Sun, November 6): "The Republicans, together with a group of southern Democrats, will control the House."

Munich-minded Republicans and poll-tax Democrats may control the House, but the people can control them. As a Willkie Republican, Governor Stassen of Minnesota, declared in a broadcast after the election: "It is tremendously more important that the war be won decisively and speedily than it is that our Republican Party win in 1944." America has swung into action against Hitler on the military front. We must support our heroic fighters by swinging into action against everything that aids Hitler on the home front. A different kind of coalition is needed, a people's coalition, based on the unity of labor, of all sections of the population regardless of political party behind the President, behind an offensive program that in unison with our allies will bring speedy victory and a just peace. As we said in our editorial prior to the elections, November 3 is not end, but beginning.

Plot in Argentina

SEVERAL days ago fourteen of Argentina's most prominent trade unionists were arrested, thrown into jail, and denied recourse to customary legal procedures. At this writing they are still in prison. All fourteen are officials of unions belonging to the General Confederation of Labor of Argentina, which in turn is affiliated to the Confederation of Latin American Workers (CTAL).

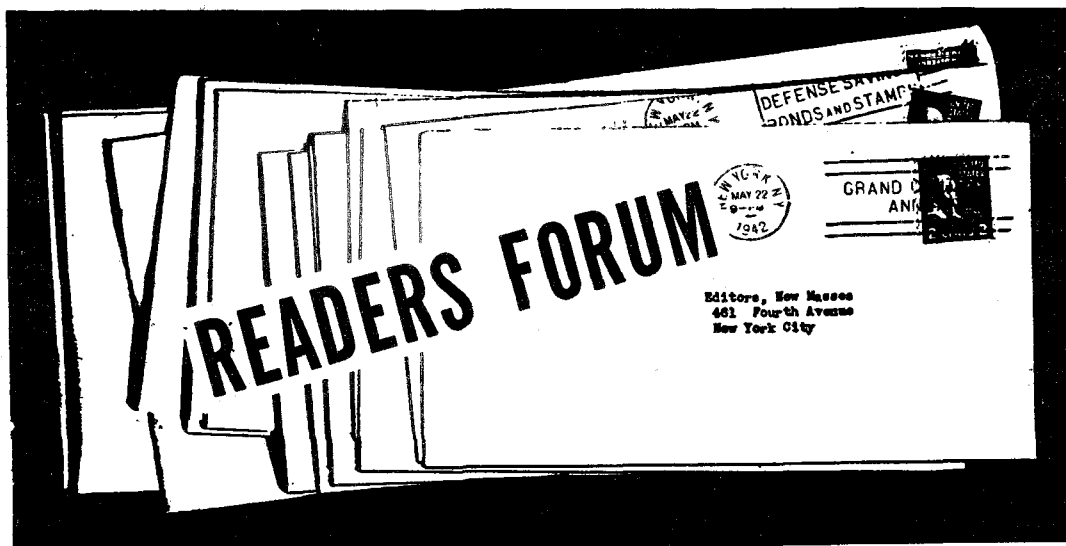
Immediately upon the arrest of these men, the Argentine Minister of the Interior declared that their detention was to forestall a general strike. The arrested leaders refuted this charge in a letter they issued from the penitentiary which was published in the progressive newspaper *Critica*. They denied that a general strike had been planned, and placed the blame squarely on Nazi elements with whom the Minister was, apparently, cooperating. They accused the latter of conspiring to create an atmosphere of confusion among the populace in order to justify strong governmental counter-measures.

This unabashed provocation by the Castillo government followed a series of arrests of progressive leaders and suspensions of liberal newspapers; to date pressure of popular forces has proved so powerful that the government has been forced to retreat in each of these instances.

Most significant, perhaps, was the release of Rodolfo Ghioldi, editor of the newspaper *La Hora*; pressures from within the country and from the hemisphere as a whole effected his freedom.

The executive board of the CIO should be congratulated for its strong, prompt stand in opposition to the Castillo government's action against these labor leaders. Philip Murray, on the day before the formal opening of the CIO convention in Boston, wired—on behalf of the Executive Board—Felipe Espil, Argentine ambassador in Washington. He said that the "so-called crime" of these leaders "consists in joining with the majority of the people of Argentina in demanding that their country take its place with the other nations of the Americas in the anti-fascist struggle. On behalf of the 5,000,000 North American workers whom we represent," Mr. Murray added, "we protest this suppression of the democratic rights of our brother trade unionists and demand their immediate release."

The great majority of Argentina's people oppose the Nazi sympathies of Castillo. They are heroically battling a fascist victory in their homeland; they stand with the United Nations. If the reactionary government wins out in this most recent outrage, it will seriously cripple the Argentinian people's struggle to align their country against the Axis. If Castillo and his henchmen lose, due to pressure from within and without Argentina, it will keep the government clique on the defensive before the growing power of hemisphere unity. For the sake of democratic justice, as well as for victory against the Axis powers, Philip Murray's protest should be multiplied a thousand-fold.



The Negro and the War

TO NEW MASSES: A Negro American, ever mindful of the democratic traditions of the American people which have been so well expressed in Mr. Archibald MacLeish's phrase, "America was promises," one naturally feels and knows that a war like this for freedom from Axis enslavement, in which our very national independence is at stake, must result first of all in the preservation of our existence as a nation free to determine its own destiny.

The herculean requirements of our effort for victory demand the total mobilization of every resource of manpower and material. To effect such mobilization, which is unfortunately still hampered by Jim Crowism, we Negro Americans must be included, and our very inclusion inexorably sweeps into the dustbin of history all anti-democratic restrictions which we presently endure as the residue of our past condition of chattel slavery. Jim Crowism passes by virtue of the fact that it blunts the efficiency of our national war effort at a moment of supreme crisis in our country's history. Furthermore, the grand strategy of our Commander-in-Chief and the leaders of the United Nations, the opening of a second land front on the continent of Europe, presupposes all-out national mobilization, which speeds victory by the promptness and thoroughness with which it is effected.

My people's morale is strong not only because of their splendid record of loyalty to their country in time of need, as evidenced by the exploits of heroes from Crispus Attucks (first to perish in the Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770), to Private Robert Brooks (first American soldier to be killed in this war). Our morale is strong also because we feel, know, and indeed already see "the dead hand of the past" disappearing. It is disappearing through the prosecution of this war for world freedom, as stated by Vice-President Henry Wallace and Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles, and as demonstrated by the steadfast heroism of the British, Russian, and Chinese peoples in their struggles against the vicious enemies of all human freedom.

WILLIAM HARRISON
(Associate Editor, Boston "Chronicle")

TO NEW MASSES: With the opening of a second front, American citizens of Negro descent will have three fronts. For Americans of color, the second front began on Dec. 7, 1941. Our duty is twofold: first, to be loyal, as history shows we have always been, to our country, and to give our best in every way to our nation's all-out war effort; second, to insist, while we are doing this, that the provisions

of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms apply equally to colored Americans and other colored peoples throughout the world. With us it is self-evident that our nation will delay the day of victory as long as she attempts to guarantee to others what she seems unable to extend to any segment of her own citizens. We are against Nazism and fascism at home as well as abroad.

EUSTACE GAY
(Editor, Philadelphia "Tribune")

TO NEW MASSES: To me this war means that a telling blow is going to be struck for freedom. Not only freedom from domination by the Axis powers, but freedom from the shackles imposed by intolerance, prejudice, and ignorance. The Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter cannot be put into lasting effect until discriminatory practices against Negroes and other dark-skinned peoples have been abolished. The full rights of citizenship must be accorded to these elements in the world's population.

This war will sound the death-knell of imperialism—particularly that imperialism which is founded upon color or caste. Its day is done and the quicker we realize it, the quicker we can go "all out" in winning the war. The enlightenment which will result in the abolishing of discrimination and the elimination of prejudice will emancipate all classes of society. For the damaging blows of injustice fall as heavily upon the perpetrators as they do upon the recipients.

"The changeless laws of justice bind,
Oppressor with oppressed,
And close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to fate abreast."

BOYD W. OVERTON
(Executive Secretary, YMCA,
Wilmington, Del.)

Exiled Writers

TO NEW MASSES: O. T. Ring's summary of the activities of exiled writers (NEW MASSES, October 13) needs to be supplemented with the names of a number of anti-Nazi German writers in this country as well as in the Latin American countries.

There is, for instance, Ferdinand Bruckner, one of the most gifted contemporary dramatists, whose anti-Nazi play *The Races* was performed last winter in New York by members of the Tribune for Free German literature, under the direction of Berthold Viertel. Mr. Bruckner has meanwhile com-

pleted three new plays: *The Dead of Lexington* (dealing with the War of Independence); *Simon Bolivar*; and a drama about a Norwegian priest's resistance to the Nazis, titled *The Day Is Not Far*.

There is Oskar Maria Graf, who has completed two new novels since the appearance of his last published book, *My Mother*. These novels deal with the bewilderment of the Bavarian peasants under the pressure of Nazi propaganda and the fight against lies and slavery by the most clear-sighted elements.

There is Berthold Viertel, a great stage manager and a highly esteemed poet, who supervises all theatrical performances of the Tribune. Mr. Viertel has written a volume of poems (published in German last winter) and is preparing a volume of essays, some of which have appeared in the *Freies Deutschland* (published in Mexico) and elsewhere.

Friedrich Alexan, one of the younger writers, is the founder and an active manager of the Tribune for Free German Literature and Culture in America. He has completed about 200 pages of an anti-Nazi novel, *Station Paris*, a book about the fate of many anti-fascist refugees.

Alfred Kantorowicz, the founder and director of the Library of Burned Books in Paris, whose book about the Spanish War, *The Battalion of 21 Nationalities*, is widely read among the Russian soldiers at the front, has published many essays in American periodicals. He has completed a diary about the defense of Madrid, and is now writing a novel about the breakdown of German culture in the period before and after the Nazi conquest of Germany.

The philosopher Ernst Bloch (author of *Heritage of Our Time* and *Dreams of a Better Life*) has now completed a manuscript about the philosophy of law and is at work on an eight-volume survey of the central philosophical questions of our epoch. From time to time he has published essays in *Freies Deutschland*.

Ludwig Renn's activities are not confined to the writing of short stories. His most interesting works are actually his analyses of the war situation, in which he proves himself to be a clear-sighted and informative military expert. Another refugee in this field is A. Schreiner, author of many books about military strategy—the most recent was *From Hitler's Total War to Hitler's Total Defeat*. He is now working on an extensive survey of the means of modern warfare.

Wieland Herzfelde is very busy finding the means to publish a number of the most progressive short stories and essays of exiled German writers. Mr. Herzfelde was the owner and manager of the *Malik Verlag*, one of the great publishing houses in Germany. A very fine writer himself, he has had several of his poems and essays published here and in England and has just completed a play about the Nazi invasion of France.

A novel about a *Reichswehr* officer by the very gifted young writer Bodo Uhse is still unpublished. Mrs. Schottlander, who won the second prize in the Tribune's literary contest, is working on a novel about her experiences in a Nazi prison. Mention should be made of the "father of the German Americans," Otto Sattler, a worker for the cause of democracy, editor of a German language monthly review, and historian of the democratic German American movement.

There are still many more, and I would like to see NEW MASSES discuss the activities of writers who have no publishers' contracts. The difficulties which many very fine writers have in publishing their works here does not prove anything against them. They are extremely talented people whom circumstances have compelled to write only for their desk drawers.

H. C.

NO WREATH, BUT A SWORD

The death of Sol Funaroff, young anti-fascist poet and soldier in "the liberation war of mankind." He voiced the suffering and hope of the people.

SO MANY die, so many good and brave too early fallen. We read the numbers and repeat them. Millions. Millions. How can we visualize this reality? How can we endure it? We are the living and we must go on, so we try to cushion the pain. Something in us begins to whisper that in our time, after all, life is cheap. We begin to tell ourselves: "Take violent death for granted," "One man is a molecule in an endless ocean of molecules," "A man is an instrument, to be sharpened, to be broken." But these are evasions and they do not fortify. We cannot long believe them.

We dare not long believe them. We must not turn our glance, but study each raw wound. For in our time, most particularly in our time, the life of a man devoted to freedom is not cheap but infinitely precious. The worth of individual human beings gives meaning to our fight. We die rejecting a world in which violent death must be taken for granted. We die that men may live.

The death of Sol Funaroff does not hurt and rob us any the less because it is one death among millions. No, the untimely silence of this young poet of the people burns into our consciousness, which we are always protecting, the precious meaning of each anti-fascist that has gone down in battle. Taken by surprise, our guard down, we are forced to answer the deepest questions, the questions that we keep ignoring somehow during a person's lifetime: What is it that gives meaning to his individual striving? How does his life encourage us in our strength and how does it point accusingly at our weakness?

MAN's suffering and man's hope were the two major themes of his poetry. Of suffering he had more than his portion, far more than most of us who knew him realized. He was born May 1, 1911, in Beirut, Syria. Levi Funaroff, his father, was a socially conscious writer in Russian and Hebrew; his mother Rachel was a Russian revolutionary and Left Labor Zionist. When Sol was three, the Funaroff family was driven from one war-torn country to another, through Russia, Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine. After the father's death in Palestine, the family emigrated to America. During the influenza epidemic in 1919, Sol contracted the rheumatic fever which was permanently to impair his heart. Sol's literary career began at Franklin K. Lane High School, where he edited the school's literary magazine. He attended evening sessions at the City College of New York, working during the day at various jobs: as an upholsterer's

apprentice, in a baking factory, as a relief investigator. At college he edited the *National Student Review*, organ of the left wing National Student League.

The images of his verse reflect the poverty of these years:

*"A life always in pawn
and never ours,
A life always in pain,
the pain alone is ours."*

One learned sorrow, as he wrote in "Dusk of the Gods"; for one's labor, hunger; toiling ten hours, the work of eight was taken away:

*"From bitter roots,
parched, thirsting,
the black blooms of poverty
gripped the brain like opium."*

The fear, the lean years, the troubled vision of the unemployed—these are in his lines.

It is not pity he evokes, but tenderness; and with tenderness he combines a firm and unyielding will to create a better, more beautiful life, the life of socialism which he glowingly celebrated in his poem "Dnieprostroi." Sensitive to the tragedies of the poor, he felt deeply their power. It was a power, he realized, that had to be organized and made more conscious. The function of the poet was to articulate the mood of the people and to

deepen their desire for a world free from want and oppression. His verse, expressing its kinship with the proletarian audiences the poet addressed, achieves a clarity and succinctness that are deceptively easy. Actually, Funaroff worked over his poems with great deliberation, struggling to capture the precise rhythm of an emotion, rejecting the esoteric, the superfluous, the confused image. It is not surprising that his masters included Heine, Shelley, and Blake. And it is natural that, as time went on, he became more and more interested in children's street songs (he was working on an anthology of these songs when he died); in blues and folksongs (he recently wrote "Mean-Man Blues," an anti-Nazi poem).

BUT it was not only his own verse that concerned him. Much of his energy was spent helping other poets to be published. For his life was dominated by the conviction that poetry, sincere, passionate, lucid poetry, was important. It is a conviction that we no doubt all share and promptly file for future reference in some remote drawer of our minds. Sol Funaroff did not file his conviction; he tried to give it life. And I think I shall remember him most distinctly as the guiding spirit of the Dynamo Press, which issued 1,000-copy editions of proletarian poets in 1935, scraping quarters together to persuade a printer that the idea was workable. Or as an energetic editor of *American Writing*, a publication devoted to younger writers. Or as the patient editor of a NEW MASSES Literary Supplement of Federal Project writers' creative work.

For the literary class of '29, he once wrote, had come to maturity during the crisis years, and they found little opportunity "to establish their work upon a firm foundation, to display their abilities, and assure themselves an income or position which would enable them to continue work in their craft." The little magazines of the twenties, some of them supported by wealthy patrons, had disappeared. The proletarian literature magazines were printing vital work, but their finances were meager and haphazard. The Federal Writers' Project, of which Sol was a member for a time, was an important step forward, but reactionary congressmen like Dies were able to throttle it and hound it and murder it.

Faced with "negligible encouragement," as Funaroff said in a miracle of understatement, faced with "a philistine, utilitarian attitude towards the function of art in society," an honest young poet was up against it. Some of



Sol Funaroff

Sol's contemporaries of the '29 class became cynical and turned not only against poetry but against the working class movement. Funaroff remained devoted to both. He retained his faith that "The transition from the eclectic art of coteries and private enterprise, represented by the little magazines and the egocentric figure of the bohemian outcast, to an art serving the public need and represented by the artist of the republic will be resolved."

RETAINING this faith, he must nevertheless have felt pretty much alone in the last year of his life, his health declining, his finances hardly sufficient for a square meal many a day, his various cooperative-publishing projects for poetry bashed in by indifference. And it is this which points accusingly. It points to the fact that in our society literature still retains the essential features of a business in which the writer is esteemed as a creator

of profits. But that is an old story. What I for one feel is a sense of accusation, and just accusation, against those of us writers who, despite our progressive intentions, have failed to band together against the brutal indifference and calculating competitiveness that may overwhelm a sensitive, reticent, commercially "unsuccessful" writer like Sol Funaroff. There is no cause for bitterness, and Sol was not bitter. But the fact is—and he knew it and therefore worked so hard for others—that unless writers become a lot more conscious of their responsibility to other writers, the tragedy of unfulfilled and inadequately appreciated talent will be repeated again and again. Particularly is this true on the left, where so many writers are penalized by the Dies mentality, unfortunately mirrored in however changed a form by too many reviewers and publishers.

Sol Funaroff was at work on a Stalingrad

poem during his last days. It is a poem that might have been completed with the right sort of help and the right sort of encouragement. But the big problem for this young man with a heart that was failing was not only to find a way of writing about the war against fascism, in which the meaning of his life was wrapped, but to find the medical care that would keep him alive. At the sanitarium he was rejected because he was "too ill." And at the hospital he was rejected because he was "not ill enough." It is maddening to think of him wandering between these precise alternatives, losing strength with every step.

Heine asked that not a wreath but a sword should be placed on his tomb, for he was a soldier in the liberation war of mankind. For Sol Funaroff a sword, in memory of his courage and devotion, a pledge that we shall carry on his fight for that better and more beautiful life to which his art was dedicated.

Poems by Sol Funaroff

The poems below are from Sol Funaroff's book "The Spider and the Clock," issued by International Publishers.

Thinking Upon a Time When We Are Dead and the Earth is Cold

Voices in the air and in the earth,
the voices of men,
workers, scientists, philosophers and poets,
their life, work and thought,
truths and beauties discovered, fought for,
and built,
for ourselves and for those after us,
the voices of trees;
voices that leaf by leaf gather volume;
now the thunderclap of histories;
and then the swirling of wind and the dust,
rain and the seasons;
and the brown leaves, like letters, vanish in
the snow.

We shook our fists at the sun.
We dug our heels into the mountains.

Workman, Workman

Workman, workman,
idling in the park on Sunday,
idle hands amused with idle toil.
On the blue lake clouds are floating;
you are musing, you are dreaming
and the world's at rest and peaceful.

Boats of bark in muddy eddies
drift along the lake shore
and your restless hands pulse

with the throb of motors,
as you gaze upon the rowers and whistle a
tune.

The landscape moves around the lake,
the sun spots the lake with silver,
swanboats glide in a pool of glass,
oars dip and rise, jeweled with water.

Happy in the sunlit air,
a freed people rest from labor.
Sounds of laughter, voices singing,
mingle with the summer breezes
and the murmuring of leaves and lovers.

But your idle hands are restless;
whittling bark from rotted branches,
you fashion ships and ends from driftwood.

Workman, workman,
idling in the park on Sunday,
you are musing, you are dreaming
and the world's at rest and peaceful
in a world's unrest and terror.

From "Dusk of the Gods"

Of my deep hunger
great dreams grew,
and I made of my ideal
my bread.

I stopped my tears
and god's wells ran dry,
of my disbelief
a desert bloomed.

I made of the truth
my sword of need,
I made of my anger
a battlefield;

and in my need
I knew no fear:
I swung my hammer,
their structures fell.

I stopped my labor,
machines were still,
and I made of their laws
a broken staff.

I drove the lender
from the land.
I gave the tiller
back his soil.
I gave the toiler
back his toil.

My field of war
was a growing field
where all my victories
were sown,
and I made of my joy
a harvest's yield.
My joy, it rose,
a new found land.

From "The Bellbuoy"

I am that exile
from a future time,
from shores of freedom
I may never know,
who hears, sounding in the surf,
tidings from the lips of waves
that meet and kiss
in submarine gardens
of a new Atlantis
where gold-colored fishes
paint the green gloom.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Hemingway Chooses

MEN AT WAR. Edited with an introduction by Ernest Hemingway. Crown. \$3.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY has collected a 1,072 page anthology that comprises some of the best war stories that have ever been written. Ranging chronologically from Caesar's *Commentaries* through an Associated Press correspondent's account of the Battle of Midway, *Men at War* attempts to bring within the compass of a single volume representative writing—fiction and non-fiction—that relates to its central theme: the thoughts, the physical experiences, and the emotional reactions of men at war, the nature and employment of weapons of destruction and tactical maneuver throughout recorded time.

In this long and fascinating volume you will find Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* reprinted in full; you will find excerpts from Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, from the works of Sir Thomas Malory, Xenophon, Lawrence Stallings, The Bible, Jean de Joinville, Livy, T. E. Lawrence, Alden Brooks, Guy de Maupassant, Stendhal, Dorothy Parker, and Virgil. Straight reporting and fiction narrative, personal documentation and historical research—all are collected and (more or less) arbitrarily arranged under various rubrics taken from von Clausewitz: "War is part of the intercourse of the human race"; "War is the province of danger . . .", "War is the province of physical exertion and suffering," etc.

It is only to be expected that any literate reader, leafing through the anthology and rating his own selections, would disagree with many of Mr. Hemingway's inclusions and wonder about his omissions. Taste plays a part here; but more importantly, historical perspective as well. There are relatively few accounts of danger, suffering, historical fact, or personal experience that one would have excluded on the grounds of triviality; but there are many, many omissions that are difficult to understand.

It is possible to wonder why, in a volume that ranges the very present moment as well as classical expressions of humanity at war, there is not included so much as a single example of Soviet writing—about the revolution, the civil war, the war of intervention, or the present gigantic conflict. Under the names of Sholokhov, Ehrenbourg, Fadaev, Petrov, Avdyenko, Polyakov, A. Tolstoy, or Kataeyev, Hemingway might have found many pieces of genuine literature on his subject.

You will not find a single example of Henri Barbusse's work. (Hemingway feels *Under Fire* cannot stand up these days and describes it as "screaming.") You will find none of the magnificent sketches published in 1918 by Andreas Latzko under the similar title, *Men in War*. You will find no example of the lasting work of Remarque, Arnold

Zweig, Thomas Boyd, John Reed, Malraux (Hemingway has "come to doubt his accuracy"), Ludwig Renn or T'ien Chun; or any description of the French Revolution or the Paris Commune (both Marx and Lenin wrote pretty well about this last).

It is strange to find the Spanish people's war of national liberation represented by two poor short stories (one by Hemingway, one by Dorothy Parker), a section from *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (El Sordo's hilltop battle, a section which is, incidentally, viciously slanderous in spots), and a brief piece about the battle of Guadalajara by a non-political American pilot, F. G. Tinker, Jr. Certainly it would have been possible to find something viable (that would incidentally have stated the issues of that conflict) in the works of such disparate political and creative writers as Malraux, Blankfort, Jose Bergamin, Constanca de la Mora, Elliot Paul—and especially in *The Book of the XVth Brigade* and the various language editions of *Volunteer for Liberty* that contain rank-and-file writing that will live as long as copies are to be found on anybody's shelves.

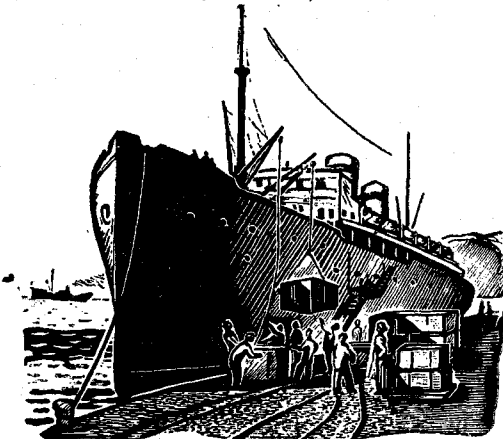
But if Mr. Hemingway's omissions are open to serious question, his introduction to the collection is positively hair-raising. In criticizing some of Tolstoy's admittedly curious political ideas, Hemingway says, "I learned from him to distrust my own Thinking with a capital T and to try to write as truly, as straightly, as objectively, and as humbly as possible." If this is true—and one might readily argue the validity of a writer's trying not to think—one wonders how Hemingway can blandly tell us that:

"This war is only a continuation of the last war. . . .

"France was not beaten in 1940. France was beaten in 1917. . . ."

"Once a nation has entered into a policy of foreign wars, there is no withdrawing. If you do not go to them, then they will come to you. It was April 1917 that ended our isolation—it was not Pearl Harbor."

These are both dangerous and misleading statements, for Hemingway is here not really engaged in political Thinking (with a capital T) but in sloppy and figurative double-talk. For he knows as well as anybody else that this war is *not* a continuation of the last (and strictly imperialistic) war; he knows



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hen he says France was beaten in 1917 that this is no more than a "symbolical" quarter-truth, and he *should* know, if he doesn't, that America is not in this war because it "has entered into a policy of foreign wars," but because it was attacked by Japan and Japan's master, the Nazis. To offer this sort of "thinking" as "illumination" of the causes and cure of wars, is to offer his enormous public no more than the same defeatist obscurantism that is the stock-in-trade of the appeasers.

BUT the following statement is "straight" thinking—without the capital—and it is submitted as inverse evidence of the fact that Hemingway is utterly correct when he says, "A writer's job is to tell the truth. . . . But if he ever writes something which he knows in his inner self is not true, for no matter what patriotic motives, then he is finished." Here it is, pages xxiii and xxiv of the introduction:

"When this war is won, though, Germany should be so effectively destroyed that we should not have to fight her again for a hundred years, or, if it is done well enough, forever.

"This can probably only be done by sterilization . . . an operation little more painful than vaccination and as easily made compulsory. All members of Nazi party organizations should be submitted to it if we are ever to have a peace that is to be anything more than a breathing space between wars. No matter how we win the war, no matter what peace is imposed, if this is not done there will be another war as soon as the beaten Nazis can organize for it. They can always organize for it since their conquerors go by certain rules of observance and the Germans go by none. . . ."

Hemingway then says that it "is not wise" to advocate sterilization now since it can only cause increased resistance. "So I do not advocate it. I oppose it. But it is the only ultimate settlement." To continue:

" . . . Clemenceau once remarked that the Germans were a wonderful people, the only trouble was there were forty million too many of them. The Russians . . . have reduced the number of Germans greatly. If things go as planned in the next two years, this reduction of population will be greatly increased by ourselves. But the reduction of population of a country by war is like pruning a tree. The roots and the seed must be destroyed if there is ever to be any lasting peace in Europe. The answer to the Nazi claim that Germans are a superior race and other races shall be slaves is to say, and mean it, 'We will take your race and wipe it out.'"

This passage is quoted at such length because it is important to an understanding of the development of Ernest Hemingway. This passage reflects undiluted fascist ideology, echoed by a writer who is indubitably anti-fascist (but apparently has no least understanding of fascism's roots). This passage is the proof of the power of fascist

propaganda, that is trying consciously and apparently with considerable success to identify the cause of Nazism with the cause of the majority of the German people; that is trying desperately to involve the entire German people in its crimes precisely to "cause increased resistance" on the part of the German people. Goebbels tells us daily that the entire German people are responsible for the acts of fascism, and Hemingway believes him.

This passage was written by a man who wants to write "the truth," but so far refuses to learn the truth that he has today (as he has previously) echoed the anti-Communist lie that is Hitler's secret weapon. He echoed it in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* many times, and the recent news of the death of Dolores Ibarruri's son on the Soviet front should make Hemingway blush for shame for what he wrote about La Pasionaria and about Ruben Ibarruri in *The Bell* (and which he reprints in this anthology). He is a man who so far refuses to learn the truth of human life that he can quote us from *Henry IV* (Part II): "*By my troth, I care not: a man can die but once; we owe God a death . . . and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next,*" and solemnly tell us that this "is probably the best thing that is written in this book and with nothing else, a man can get along all right on that."

The key to that phrase is "with nothing else." It is unfortunate indeed that after all these years, and with his experience in World War I and Spain, with his genuine anti-fascism and his frequently manifested desire to be on the side of the people, Hemingway still has "nothing else." This fact partially accounts for his shortcomings as a novelist as well as for his lapse of historical understanding as an anthologist of human suffering.

ALVAH BESSIE.

Faith Is Not Enough

A TIME FOR GREATNESS, by Herbert Agar. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

HERBERT AGAR has done good work as an organizer of Fight for Freedom, a writer for *PM*, and president of Freedom House; and he is continuing his good work in the Navy. Undoubtedly his new book is well-intentioned, but it surely lacks the realism which has recently characterized his other activities.

A Time for Greatness attempts to evaluate the whole international and national scene from the standpoint of morality. Now nobody will quarrel with Lieutenant-Commander Agar's devotion to principle, his emphasis upon the necessity for ethical national and international conduct. In a sense, that's what he and the other United Nations fighters are in this war for. But is it not naive to explain the world's dynamic forces in terms of loss of faith, moral sickness, vulgar advertising, the absence of moral philosophy, the forgetting of God, and the weakening of the moral fiber by improved standards of living and demands

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for special favors? Agar's occasional, and rather haphazard, citation of facts and figures and anecdotes cannot make up for his absence of clear thinking.

Moral fervor is a fine thing, but it has no *raison d'être* in and for itself; it must be *for* or *against* something concrete. It is well for Agar to remind us that power must not be divorced from morality, but he should not forget, as he so often does in this book, the reverse formulation he himself gives us, that morality must not be conceived of as apart from the realities of economic and political power. The existence of hunger is as immoral as tyranny.

The author is on surer ground in exposing, as a sort of rebel insider, the extreme class hatred prevalent among what he calls "the American rich," in giving some American labor history and pleading for union recognition, in denouncing wartime business-as-usual and pre-war appeasement, and in deploring boss control of the major American political machines. He pleads for some kind of permanent collective security, assures us we need not "fear" the Soviet Union, and defends the general purposes of the New Deal against reckless tory accusations. On the other hand, he utters strictures upon the closed shop, demands an end to the direct primary and the presidential nominating convention, and champions the English cabinet type of government (not merely as an improvement over our own, which it may well be, but as a major solution for our political ills). And it is inexcusable for a serious political thinker not to seek out the socio-economic bases of political corruption. Agar considers them here and there, but neglects them when they are most important.

The author correctly sees that civil liberties have little meaning unless supported by the economic security necessary to guarantee freedom. But in reversing this concept he indulges in some Soviet-baiting. This, together with his deplorable ignorance of Marxism (to which he frequently refers, only to dismiss it quickly on erroneous grounds) shows that the author is himself victim of more than a little of the cant, the wishful thinking, and the superficiality against which he tilts his lance in principle.

Agar calls himself a "constructive conservative." Perhaps less intellectual, but far more constructive in win-the-war thinking, are such conservatives as Wendell Willkie. This is indeed "a time for greatness," and the moral imperative truly summons us—towards fulfilling our moral obligations to the "murdered nations" whose fate Agar bemoans, while he is silent about that second front which alone can bring them, and ourselves too, the victory that must precede the Good Life.

LAWRENCE KEENAN.



Bright Comes the Word

(For John Hudson Jones)

Now the black folk speak.
From the slums
While the sun bakes the tenements—
The voices come.

From the battlefields,
While cannons tear the night;
The black man cocks his gun—
The voices come.

From the unhappy South,
While the bloody moon looks down—
The voices come.

A forest of new trees—
The voices come,
Grow, gather volume, gather strength;
No voice alone.

Constant as the day,
Insistent as the sun,
The voices come.
Bright comes the word,
Ringing to be heard.

For all to take up, carry along
Bright comes the word.
O take it! Make a song.
O sing it! Freedom!

D. HERCULES ARMSTRONG.

Slavery and the Land

SOIL EXHAUSTION AND THE CIVIL WAR, by William C. Bagley, Jr. American Council on Public Affairs. Washington. \$1.50.

FEW contemporaries, northern or southern, seriously doubted the intimate casual relationship between slavery, soil exhaustion, and the slavocratic *coup d'état* known as the American Civil War. However, latter-day historians of a Bourbon cast, like Phillips, Craven, and Owsley, have denied that slavery and soil exhaustion were intertwined, or—and here the denial becomes particularly emphatic—that slavery and the War Between the States were connected in any important respect. These men's position is understandable when it is remembered that Negro slavery was to them an efficient, beneficent, sane social order necessary in view of an "inferior" people's presence. Such an interpretation leaves no room for accepting the fact of the slave's deliberate neglect, sabotage, and "carelessness" that were of such prime importance in fixing the tragically wasteful character of ante-bellum southern agriculture, and thus in driving its masters to the desperate expedient of counter-revolution.

Mr. Bagley's book demonstrates the general presence of soil exhaustion in the Old South, and its close connection with slavery. Nor does

the author fail specifically to deny the validity of the racialistic nonsense that afflicts the Phillipsian school, and to assert, in restrained but unmistakable language, that southern labor's inefficiency was due to its social status.

Much recent historiography has labored to refute Marx's dictum of eighty years ago that "slavery runs through American history like a red thread." This makes the present work all the more refreshing, for its basic purpose is, correctly, to reassert the "central position of slavery as a cause of the Civil War."

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Case Histories

WOMEN AFTER COLLEGE: A Study of the Effectiveness of Their Education, by Robert G. Foster and Pauline Park Wilson. Columbia University Press. \$2.75.

THIS book is more limited in scope than its title would suggest, since it does not touch such questions as the education of women for business or the professions. A better title would be: "Some Married Women after College," but enough evidence is produced to show serious gaps in the whole college picture.

The book is the outcome of a study undertaken by the Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit in 1932. The object was to discover "the difficulties faced by college women in their personal and social life," and to examine the effectiveness of women's college education and suggest lines for its improvement. In order to get the necessary data, an Advisory Service was established, and college women were invited to give their life histories and receive advice. The least busy women responded.

The hundred women selected from the volunteers were interviewed many times, and their problems tabulated. Having dealt with the forty-five most frequent problems (family relations and finance well in the lead), the authors go on to relate them to the deficiencies of college education, and to make a few all too vague suggestions. Several paragraphs are devoted to the proposal that colleges have "a" philosophy of education.

The case histories convey a general impression of perplexed young women, surrounded by difficult husbands, mothers, children, servants, and friends; by things and amusements which they can't quite afford, and by situations which they haven't caused and can't control. In short they are the victims of conditions which they do not understand. Both in the case histories recorded and in the suggestions offered, the notion of life as energy or as creative activity is very seriously understressed. Clearly, a seriously planned curriculum could encourage a creative attitude. And with this change of direction, women's education, even under a system of choice between career and marriage, would help them at least to become constructive, adult managers of their own lives, instead of pitiful havers and holders and needers like the depressing young women in this volume.

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

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Brief Review

MY FATHER IN CHINA, by James Burke. Farrar & Rinehart. \$3.

THE father in question is William B. Burke, a Methodist missionary of the more robust sort—large, bearded, and very fundamental. He has spent upwards of fifty years in China (most of them in Sungkiang) uninterrupted save for sabbatical returns to his native Georgia. These returns have only served to drive him back to his Far Eastern station again, where up to 1942 he still remains despite Japanese bombs and officialdom. It so happens that Burke has been very much in the middle of things in troubled China—one gets the impression that he is that sort of man—and the story of his residence in China proves to be inseparable from the story of China itself, social and political. It shows through the personal narrative constantly, not indeed in all its complexity but in a succession of close-ups that bring the country to life. Burke's acquaintance with the Soong family provides the chief connecting link. Charles J. Soong, the father of the three Soong women, was a fellow-student of Burke's at Vanderbilt in the 1880's. The author's sidelights on these women in their girlhood and later are not the least attractive part of the book. It is altogether a very human document, impressive at some points, amusing at others, and felicitous throughout in the telling.

ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY, 1933-1941: Franklin D. Roosevelt's Unedited Speeches and Messages. Wilfred Funk. \$3.75.

THIS is a decidedly useful record of the President's utterances on foreign affairs. As a work of reference, whose only commentary is to identify the circumstances which prompted a White House address, or letter, or proclamation, it makes research a pleasant task. The range and diversity of problems that cropped up in the short span of eight years seem almost incredible. In a compendium of this sort one might prefer a breakdown of the material into subject categories—Latin America, the Soviet Union, lend-lease, etc.—rather than the chronological treatment. Nevertheless, the volume is a real service.

STRATEGIC MATERIALS AND NATIONAL STRENGTH, by Harry N. Holmes. Macmillan. \$1.75.

IN BRIEF paragraphs, Harry N. Holmes, president of the American Chemical Society, gives a direct answer to the widespread and growing concern as to what materials really are essential to our national strength and how substitutes can be found to fill the present deficiencies. Some of the fighting fronts and land bases become alive in terms of these strategic materials: Greenland for cryolite (the solvent used in the electrolytic process for aluminum); Sumatra for rubber; Bolivia for tin. Despite a tendency to salaam to the big chemical and industrial combines, Professor Holmes gives a clear, non-technical picture of what we need, what we have in our stockpiles, where we get the materials, and what the prospects are for the future.

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DUTCH UNDERGROUND

"One of Our Aircraft Is Missing" portrays the anti-fascist resistance of Holland's people and England's airmen. A heroic film, made in Britain.

THE fighter caught in enemy territory is perhaps the most exciting figure of war. Secret agent, underground worker, guerrilla, airman shot down, he pits his individual courage and resourcefulness against the huge and dehumanized war machine of the enemy. He is consequently a frequent subject for films. Some producers, accustomed to the disproportionate exploitation of individual personalities that mars many of our movies, have "glorified" this hero to the point of making him ridiculous—as in the recent *Desperate Journey*, wherein Errol Flynn sizzled through Germany with straight lefts and brought home a Luftwaffe bomber for a souvenir. It

is all the more gratifying to find, in *One of Our Aircraft Is Missing*, that the trapped airmen can make a first-rate, sober, and genuinely heroic film.

The factual title of this British picture sets the tone for its whole development. Its bomber crew is forced to bail out over Holland; come to earth, the Englishmen manage to make themselves understood by a small Dutch boy. At this point the real hero of the film appears. That hero is the Dutch people. The English flyers are brave and quickwitted enough; they act swiftly whenever their action is needed. But for the most part they are as dependent as children on the help that the

Dutch give them; they must be fed, they must be disguised, guided, given transportation, hidden in churches or cellars, smuggled out eventually under Nazi noses. All this the Dutch underground does. A girl schoolteacher, once she is sure that they are genuine British airmen, opens the way; a country farmer conducts them, a priest protects them, a town burgomaster and his family feed and shelter them in defiance of the occupying troops and the local Quisling. Eventually a poised young woman who is pretending to be a Quisling, and whose husband is in London with the free Dutch, gets them straight through Nazi headquarters and out on to the guarded river.



This scene from "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing" shows the RAF fliers—on the last lap of their daring escape from occupied Holland—aboard a Nazi rescue buoy. Taking over apparatus and equipment, the fliers hold off the Germans.

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From then on they are on their own, and they finish their escape by neatly capturing a Nazi marker buoy, cutting it adrift, and floating out into the North Sea until a British ship finds them.

As the story of the British airmen, this is exciting enough. And the airmen are sharply individualized, thoroughly human studies; the young actor who is overjoyed at catching his wife's broadcast over the forbidden radio, the peppery Yorkshireman, the tough Scot, the older man who is a little wistful at being out of place among so much youth. None of these are glamour boys, all of them are people. But far more important are the fighting Dutch. Not only does *One of Our Aircraft Is Missing* present them as types of heroic resistance; it creates them as people. Their humanity makes their heroism all the stronger. The fussy, irascible little burgomaster splutters at his children—while being a hero; the young schoolteacher adds a sly joke or two to her tense planning; the woman underground leader, hiding the airmen in her rooms in Nazi headquarters, puts on a glittering dress and serves water in wine-glasses to make their predicament seem less harsh to them. There are grimly humorous moments; a small boy, sent by a Quisling to bring the Nazi soldiers a present of phonograph records, substitutes records of the Dutch National Anthem—and the voices overheard exploding from the Nazi post are really something. At a football game, the suspicious Nazis limit the size of the crowd, ordering extras to leave. The entire audience leaves—to be hastily called back by the Nazis and allowed to remain.

These lighter touches, however, do not weaken the central theme of the film, which is unquenchable resistance to the fascist terror; and when, in response to the Dutch appeal, a British airman pledges the second front, he says the strongest thing that the films have said yet. It is only necessary to add that *One of Our Aircraft Is Missing* is acted and directed and photographed in a style worthy of its subject. The use, all through, of the harsh and brutal voices of unseen Nazis is magnificent. They are always there, a lurking terror; never quite clearly seen, hence all the more horrible. They snarl orders outside a church full of praying people; they growl at each other round the corner where the Englishmen are hiding; in a remarkable sequence the rough singing of a whole troop of Nazis grows louder and then fades away as the airmen creep past them. The movie as effectively portrays our enemy as it presents the heroism of our allies.

IN THE realm of entertainment, *George Washington Slept Here* provides a fair enough screwball holiday. The story of a man who is saddled against his will with a decrepit house in the country, it makes acceptable knockabout farce with the obvious possibilities of the situation, ringing in every sort of misery except a local ghost. Its basic idea is the pleasant one of getting back to Nature and owning a piece of America; at its close the unwilling

commuter discovers that he really does lo the song of the double-breasted barn swallow after all. At moments the improbabilities overpower you; a swarm of seventeen-year locusts eating Jack Benny's undershirt is neither good drama nor well behaved entomology. For the most part, however, the flimsy structure is well sustained, with a quieter and subtler Ann Sheridan as the scatterbrained wife and the hammy but ingratiating Mr. Benny as the landowner-in-spite-of-himself. One real moment exists in the film, strong enough to eclipse the rest of it; the reading of a purported address to the troops by George Washington on the eve of battle.

EGYPT being a center of dramatic interest these days, MGM has seen fit to produce something called *Cairo*, which consists, if you please, of nasty Arabs chasing Jeanette MacDonald and her high C around secret tunnels under the pyramids. God knows why they wanted to catch her. A small but courageous audience, trapped in the depths of the theater, was rapidly being suffocated by the fumes when I left.

THE vital film question of the moment is cleaning any fifth column movies out of Hollywood. MGM's *Tennessee Johnson*, an attempt to whitewash the copperhead President Andrew Johnson, has already aroused such protest from progressive groups and the government that it has gone back for remaking. The chief alteration, however, would seem to be in the character of Thaddeus Stevens; originally represented as a villain, this hero of Abolition and progress is now being distorted into a friend of Johnson—whom in reality he fought on all the latter's Bourbon measures. The howl of the wounded pocketbook has so far kept MGM from shelving the film altogether. But film companies do read their mail and are much influenced by it; a sufficient number of letters to MGM can junk *Tennessee Johnson*. If the peculiar sympathy of many Hollywood figures to southern reaction did not interfere, a genuinely great film might be made about Thad Stevens himself. Or how about Charles Sumner, Stevens' comrade in the fight for progress? An Abolitionist long before the Civil War, Sumner was crippled and almost killed by the murderous attack of a southern Bourbon who assaulted him while he sat quietly at his desk in the Senate chamber. He was not silenced, however; he continued to fight through and after the Civil War for the emancipation of the Negro and the survival of the Union. How's that for real film material?

IF ADDED evidence on the I. Q. of certain film-makers is needed, other films of the past week provide it. It is almost a tradition, now, for some Hollywood pictures to insult the friendly foreign countries they intend to honor; riots in South American cities have resulted from some of our screen gestures toward the Latin Americans. *A Yank at Eton* keeps up the good work, presenting that some-

it mature schoolboy Mickey Rooney in a masterpiece of bad manners. We hold no particular brief for Eton, but it was hardly one of MGM's happier inspirations to send that institution Mickey Rooney as an example of the American way of life.

Still more lamentable is *Iceland*, which has excited the quite natural indignation of the Icelanders. They have had an admirable democratic culture for about a thousand years, and they deserve better of their sister democracy than a film describing them as leering louts inhabiting an island somewhere in the Center Theater. Miss Henie on the ice is fresh and dainty; when you take her off the ice for too long a time, however . . . well, you get just what you might expect. Nor was Iceland named after its ice carnivals.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Drama Notes

PEOPLE are finding H. T. Tsiang's one-man theater so interesting that the young Chinese poet-actor-dramatist-novelist is moving his "productions" of *The Hanging on Union Square* and *China Marches On* from the dismal loft on Sixth Avenue to the Malin Studios (135 West 44th Street). Performances, as usual, Saturday and Sunday nights at nine.

The New Repertory Theater (60 Morton Street, Lawrence Pepper, secretary) is an organization that seeks the rebirth of the progressive theater, and has performed with its "Theater Showcase" at many war rallies around town. They are desperately in need of scripts.

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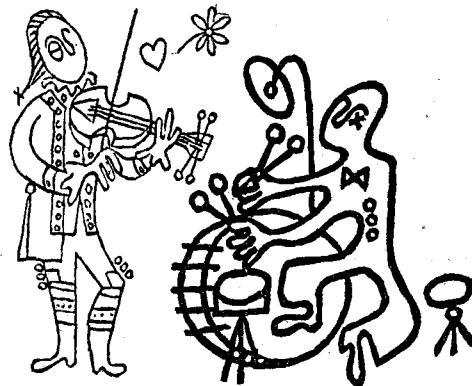
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